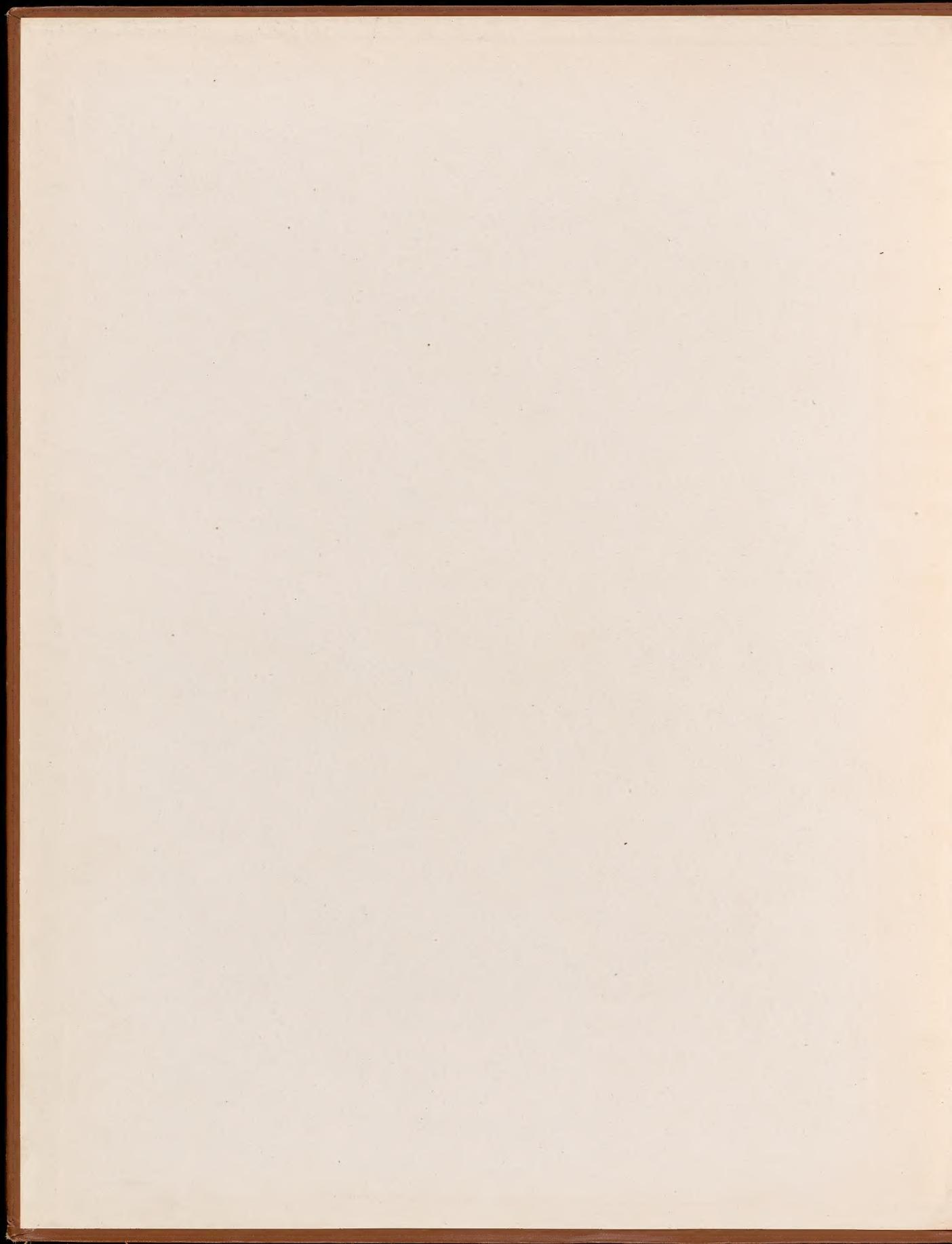
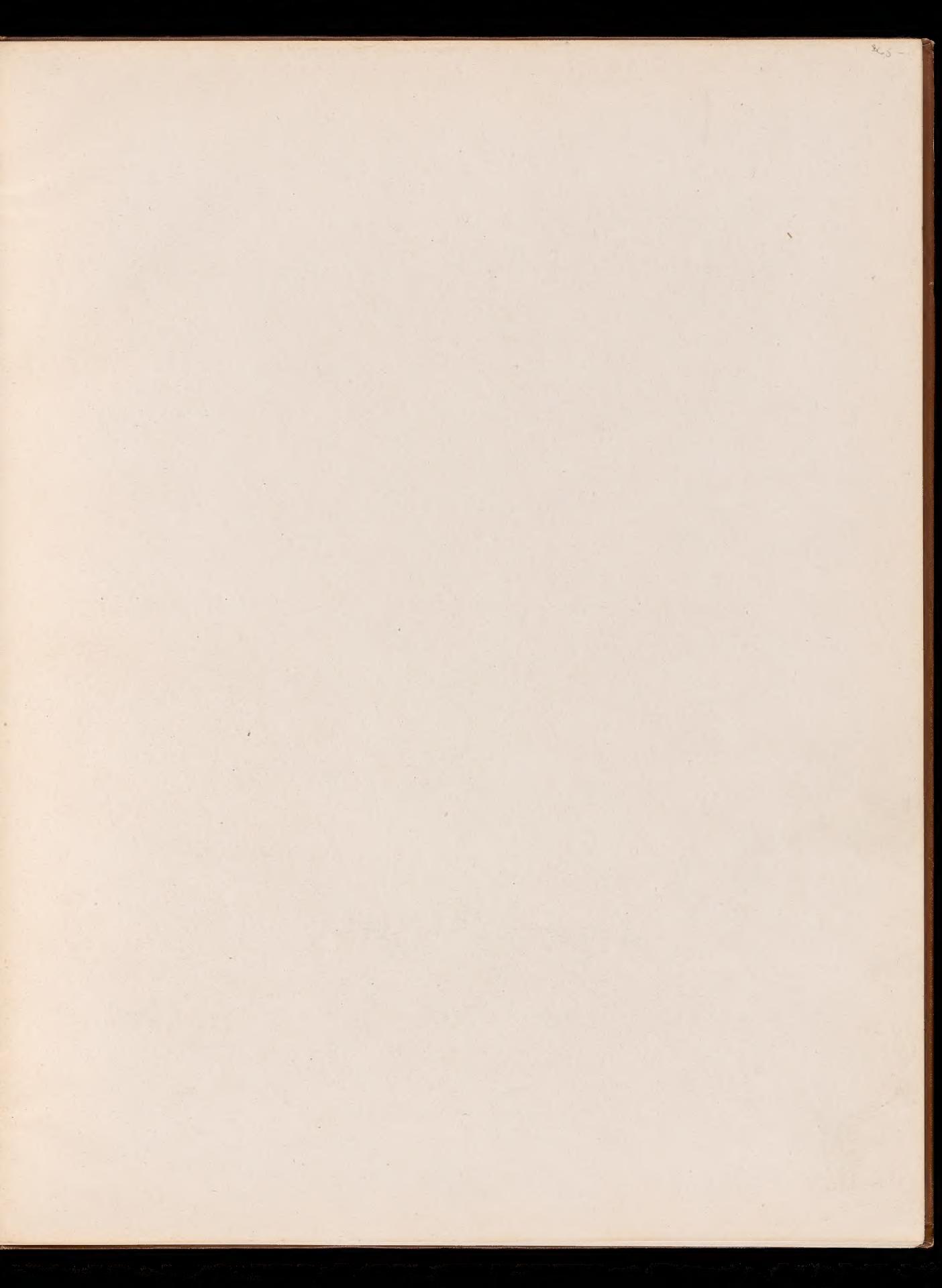
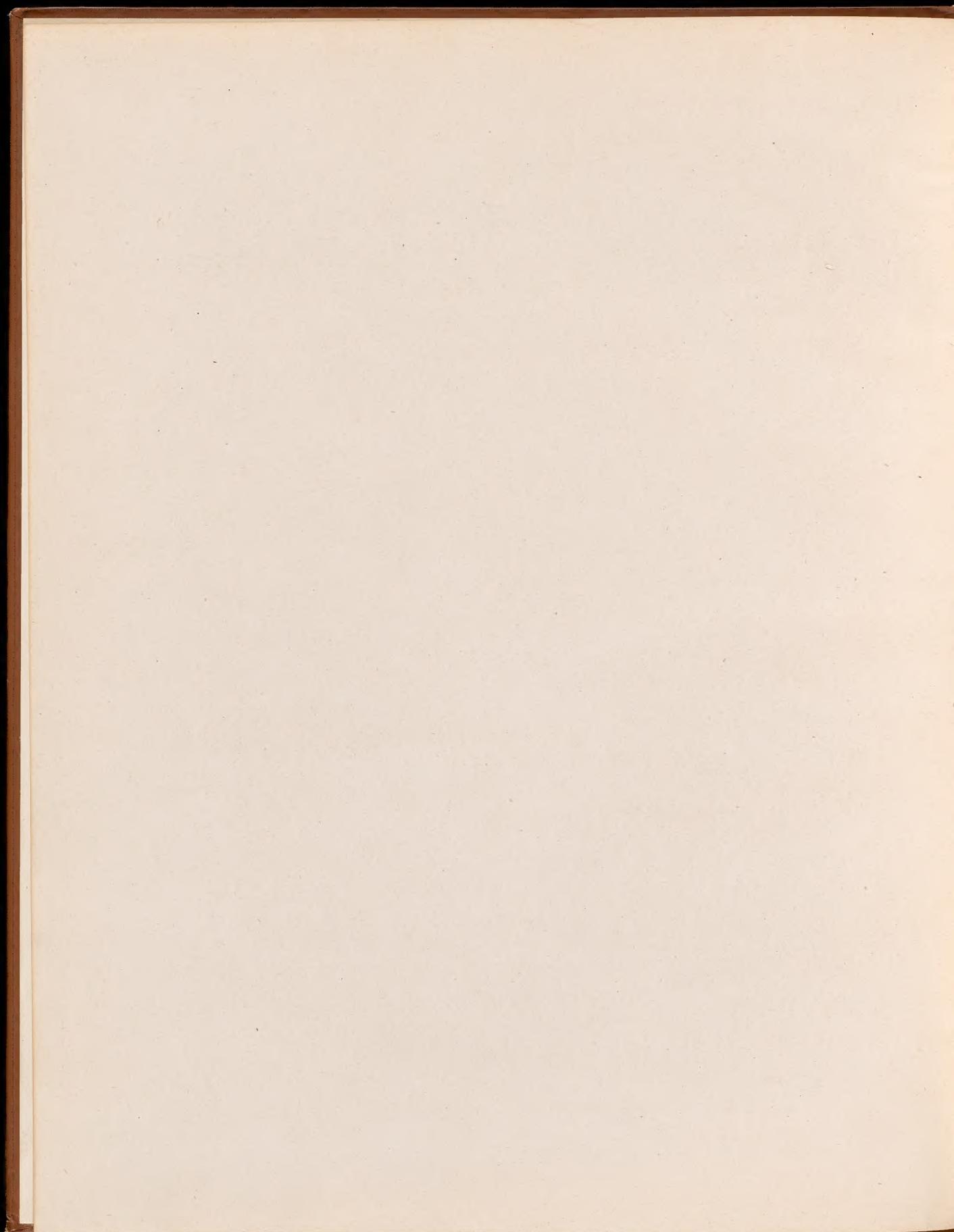
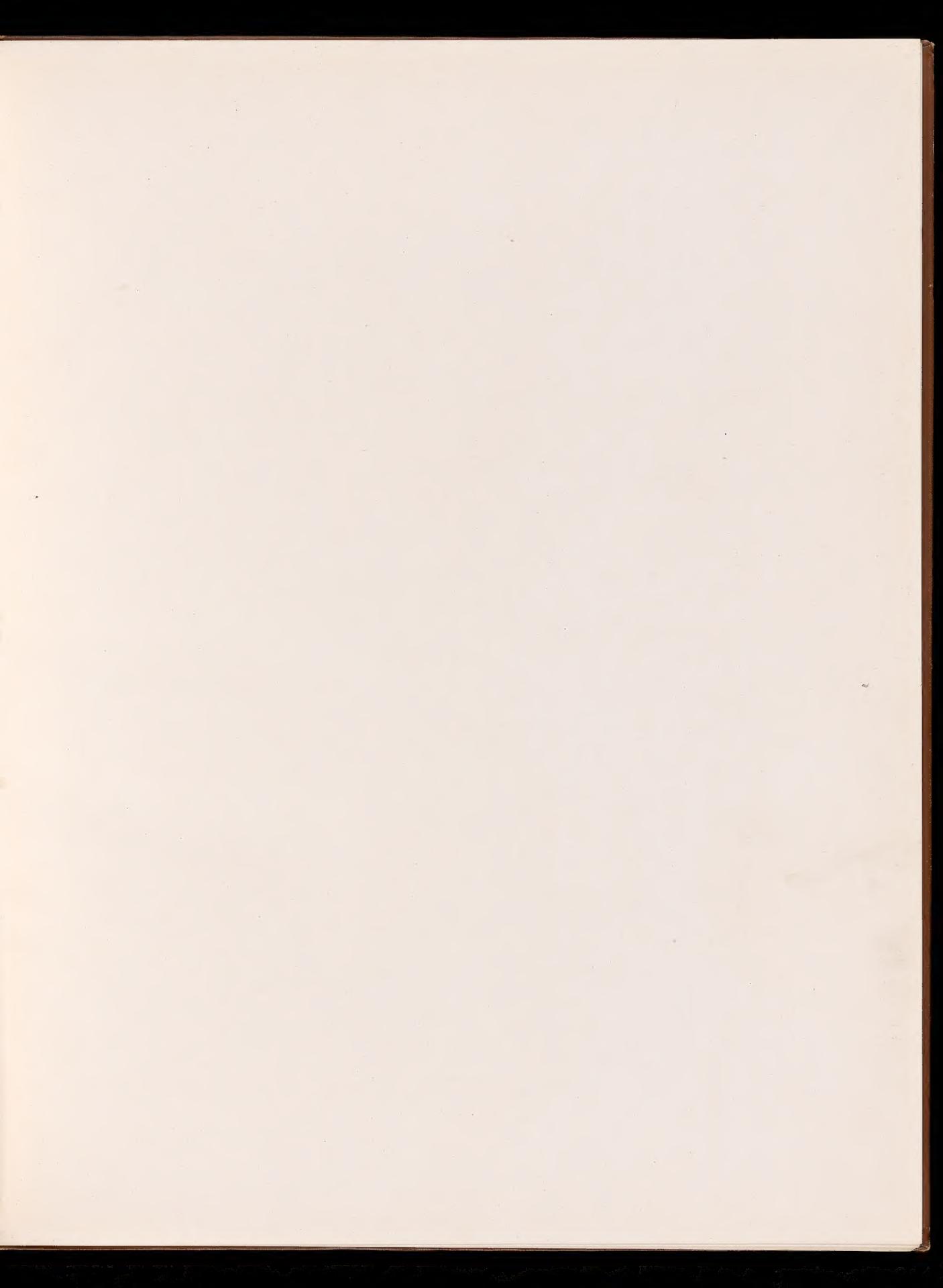


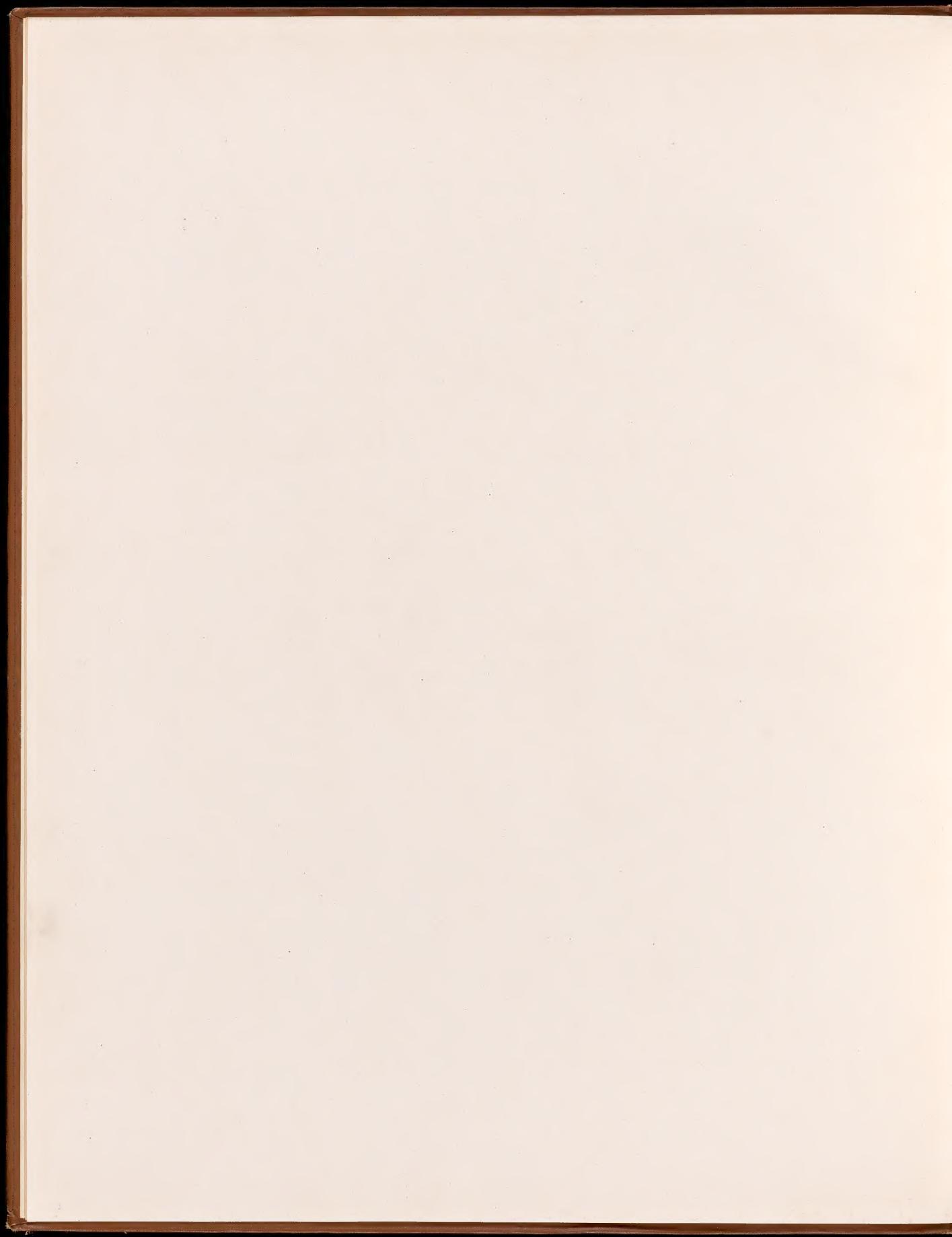
ARCHITECTURAL
WATER COLOURS
& ETCHINGS
OF W. WALCOT



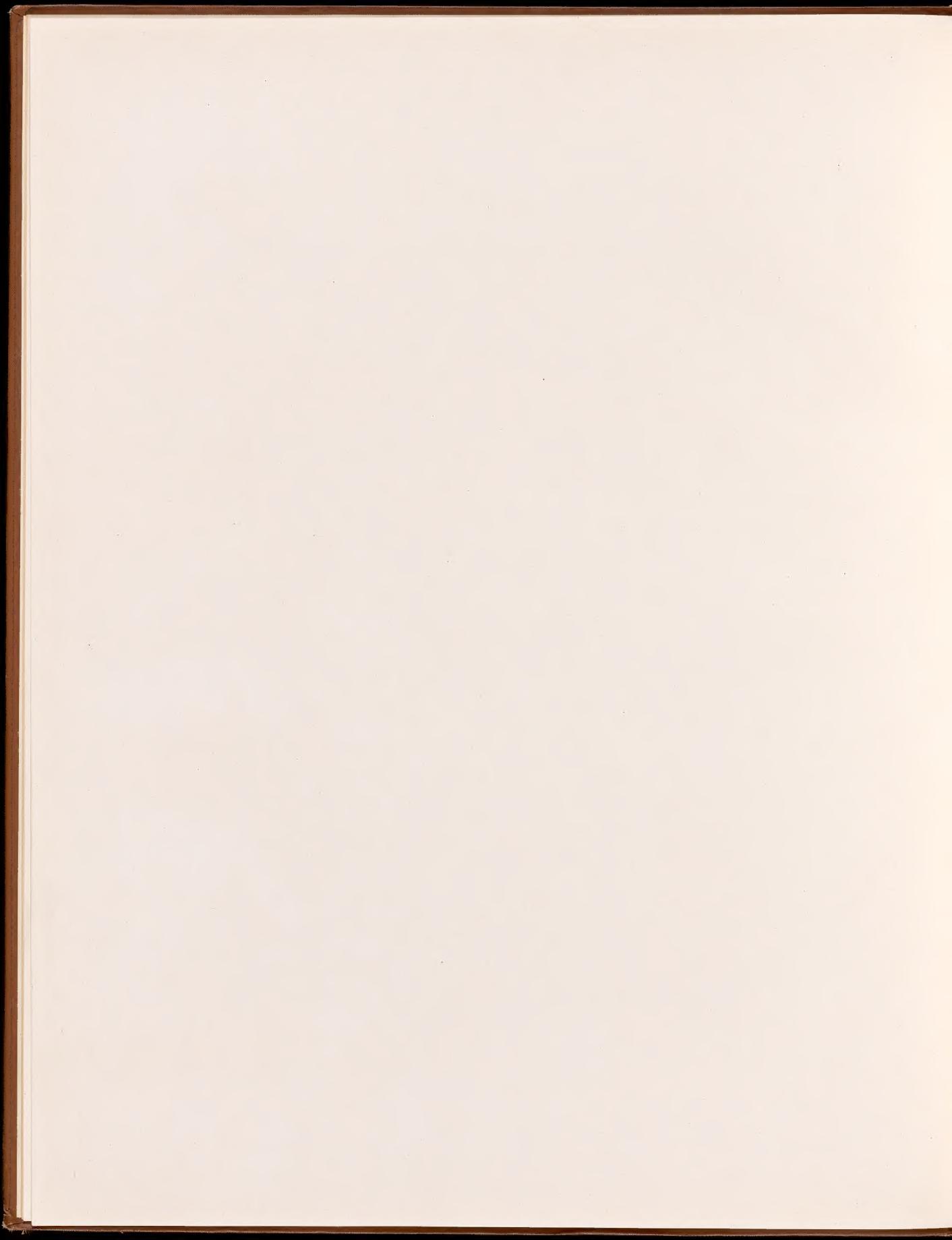




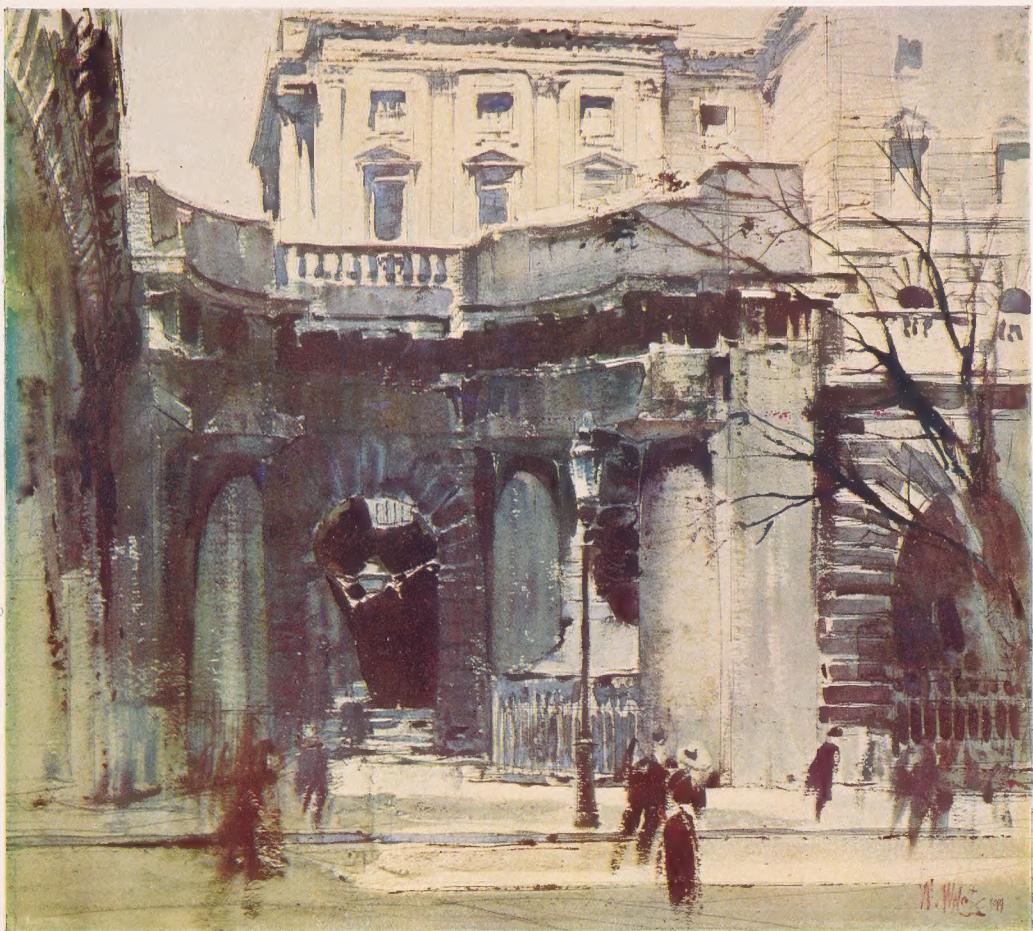




*Architectural
Water-Colours & Etchings
OF
W. WALCOT.*







WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Architectural
Water-Colours & Etchings
of
W. WALCOT,

*With an
Introduction by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A.*



*"Divin et Vagabond, Prince des Poètes
et inventeur de dieux" W.W.*

*H.C. Dickins, London & New York,
and
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1919*

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The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Proprietors of "The Architectural Review" for permitting him to reproduce such articles and drawings as appeared originally in that publication; and also, while offering his sincere thanks to the holders of the copyright of the various etchings, paintings, and articles reproduced, wishes to express his gratitude and pleasure at being able to include reproductions of his published etchings, as the limited editions have become very scattered, and the earlier examples of his work are becoming difficult to find.

Introduction.

THE *Architectural Review* has done a real service in issuing this fine volume of the work of Mr. William Walcot. For several years past Mr. Walcot's drawings have been a principal attraction in the Architectural Room at Burlington House, so attractive indeed that they put most of the other drawings out of countenance, and it was whispered that their proper place was not the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy, but the more spacious walls of the Water-Colour Gallery. It has even been felt that the higher interests of Architecture might lose rather than gain by these dazzling versions. The picturesque and the accidents of design have been the pitfall of English architecture for at least two generations, and it is the reaction from this that has led thoughtful men to lay stress on the cold, dry light of the intellect as revealed in the abstract lines of pure architectural design. But this in no way diminishes the value and the beauty of Mr. Walcot's work for these splendid fantasies on architectural themes are the personal expression of Mr. Walcot's genius, the revelation of the appeal that architecture makes to his peculiar temperament.

Mr. Walcot is himself a trained architect, and has the advantage of perfectly well understanding what he is drawing and painting. He has also an extremely vivid imagination, but the world that his imagination lives in is not the sombre and colossal architecture of Piranesi, not the contrast of mass with intricate detail that delights Mr. Bone, not the gravity of composition and considered line of Mr. Griggs; but a world of towers and palaces, with hints of strange, almost exotic, colour, in which the architectural structure, though it is there, is there only as an occasion for the delicate embroideries of Mr. Walcot's fancy. So Mr. Walcot goes a way of his own, and his visions touch emotions which might remain unkindled by an austerer line. He opens up vistas of a fairyland of architecture, never to be entered by the architect except in summer day-dreams.

Mr. Walcot, too, like Piranesi, has felt the magic of Imperial Rome, the magnificence of its outlook, its fine pageantry, its quality of world-wide significance; and, if I may say so, he is more at home with the phrases of its tremendous architecture than with the native woodnotes wild of more individual art. But where Piranesi gave us the might of Rome, Mr. Walcot reveals a less generally recognised quality, and that is the subtlety of its civilisation. The combination of delicate surface ornament with breadth of design shown in his etching of a Roman Atrium, may be a revelation to those who have been taught that the Greeks alone were artists, and the Romans merely builders, one of the accepted and quite unhistorical tags, regularly and complacently repeated by popular writers on art. Mr. Walcot, however, can challenge the great Italian on his own ground. No finer drawing was ever made by Piranesi himself than Mr. Walcot's superb water-colour of the entrance to the staircase of Waterloo Bridge.

There is another quality, too, in which this brilliant artist seems to me to stand by himself. The Italians of the eighteenth century, Canaletto for example, or Panini, did skilfully what most architectural draughtsmen have always done. They drew their architecture in correct perspective, and then they (or somebody else) put in figures to give scale and interest to the architecture. But, to Mr. Walcot, the architecture, the figures, and the atmosphere present themselves as a whole, one single vision of what is before him. The figures in his pictures are as inevitable as the architecture. It is not merely that they live in the circumambient atmosphere, but they and the architecture, the sunlight and the shadow, form one complete conception in the artist's mind. It is this unity of thought and vision that gives Mr. Walcot's work its intense vitality. It is the secret also of all great architecture—indeed, of all creative art.

Contents.

	PAGE
AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT	vi
INTRODUCTION. BY SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.	vii
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	ix
WILLIAM WALCOT	1
THE PROPYLÆA, ATHENS	2
THE ETCHINGS OF WILLIAM WALCOT. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN	7
THE SO-CALLED STADIUM OF DOMITIAN AND THE CARACALLA FRIGIDARIUM. BY THOMAS ASHBY, D.LITT., F.S.A., DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME	31
THE BATHS OF CARACALLA. BY W. G. NEWTON, M.A.	40
THE SPIRIT OF ROME. BY W. R. LETHABY	43
A COURT OF JUSTICE. BY IAN IVOR	54
"AT THE HOUSE OF A PATRICIAN." BY MAX JUDGE	58
THE ATRIUM	62
THE TROJAN HORSE	65
A TRAGEDY BY SOPHOCLES. BY MARIUS IVOR	70
ANTONY IN EGYPT	74
THE WONDER OF BABYLON	78
THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE	82
THE PALAZZO PESSARO	86
ART AND THE ANTIQUE. BY MARIUS IVOR	89
"AUX DÉFENSEURS DE VERDUN"	92
THE WATER COLOURS. BY W. G. NEWTON, M.A.	101
A THEATRE PROJECT BY INIGO JONES. BY W. GRANT KEITH	129
THE BATHS OF CONSTANTINE	130
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF ETCHINGS	139

List of Illustrations.

Etchings.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
THE FORUM, ROME	51
A COURT OF JUSTICE	55
" AT THE HOUSE OF A PATRICIAN "	59
THE ATRIUM	63
THE TROJAN HORSE	67
A TRAGEDY BY SOPHOCLES, PERFORMED BEFORE THE EMPEROR HADRIAN	71
ANTONY IN EGYPT	75
BABYLON	79
THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE	83
THE PALAZZO PESSARO, VENICE	87
VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS, SOON AFTER ITS RESTORATION BY AGRIPPA OR HADRIAN	89
RESTORATION OF ONE OF THE FIRST TEMPLES OF JUPITER CAPITOLINUS, ROME	90
" AUX DÉFENSEURS DE VERDUN "	93
ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS	95

Water Colours.

ST. PETER'S, ROME (Colour)	100
THE HECATOMPEDON (Monochrome)	105
A FOUNTAIN IN FLORENCE (Colour)	107
BERNINI'S COLONNADE, VATICAN, ROME (Monochrome)	109
CHIESA DI S. PIETRO, TOSCANELLA (Colour)	111
ST. PETER'S, ROME (Monochrome)	113
MUSEO STA. MARIA DEGLI FIORE, FLORENCE (Colour)	115
PALAZZO PANDOLFINI, FLORENCE (Monochrome)	117
STA. MARIA DEGLI FIORE, FLORENCE (Colour)	119
PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE (Monochrome)	121
LOGGIA DEGLI LANZE, FLORENCE (Monochrome)	123
PALAIS DE JUSTICE, BRUSSELS (Monochrome)	125
PONT ALEXANDRE III., PARIS (Monochrome)	127
A THEATRE PROJECT BY INIGO JONES (Monochrome)	129
A RESTORATION OF THE BATHS OF CONSTANTINE (Monochrome)	130
ST. PAUL'S—NORTH-WEST CORNER (Monochrome)	131
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD (Monochrome)	133
ST. MARY-LE-STRAND, LONDON (Monochrome)	135
KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (Monochrome)	137

William Walcot.

Mr. William Walcot is so widely known as an artist of brilliant ability in the portrayal of architecture that he needs no introduction to the art-loving public. Born at Odessa, of English parents, in 1874, he early manifested an intense interest in architecture, and, after studying at the Imperial Academy of Arts, St. Petersburg, he practised in Russia as an architect for several years. He studied also in Paris, and ultimately relinquished professional practice to devote himself to the graphic interpretation of architecture. His first exhibition in London was held at the Fine Art Society in 1909, and his first in Scotland at Messrs. Doig, Wilson and Wheatley's, Edinburgh, in 1913. His brilliant talent brought him immediate recognition, as much amongst discriminating art-lovers as amongst professional architects. Since that time he has been a frequent exhibitor in London, and he is always well represented at the Royal Academy—not only in the Water-Colour Gallery, but also in the Architectural Room. He is an Associate of the British School at Rome, and has exhibited in Rome itself—the city that has inspired so much of his finest work. When Mr. Frank Brangwyn accepted the presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists in 1913, Mr. Walcot also became a member of it. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers in 1916.



Photo]

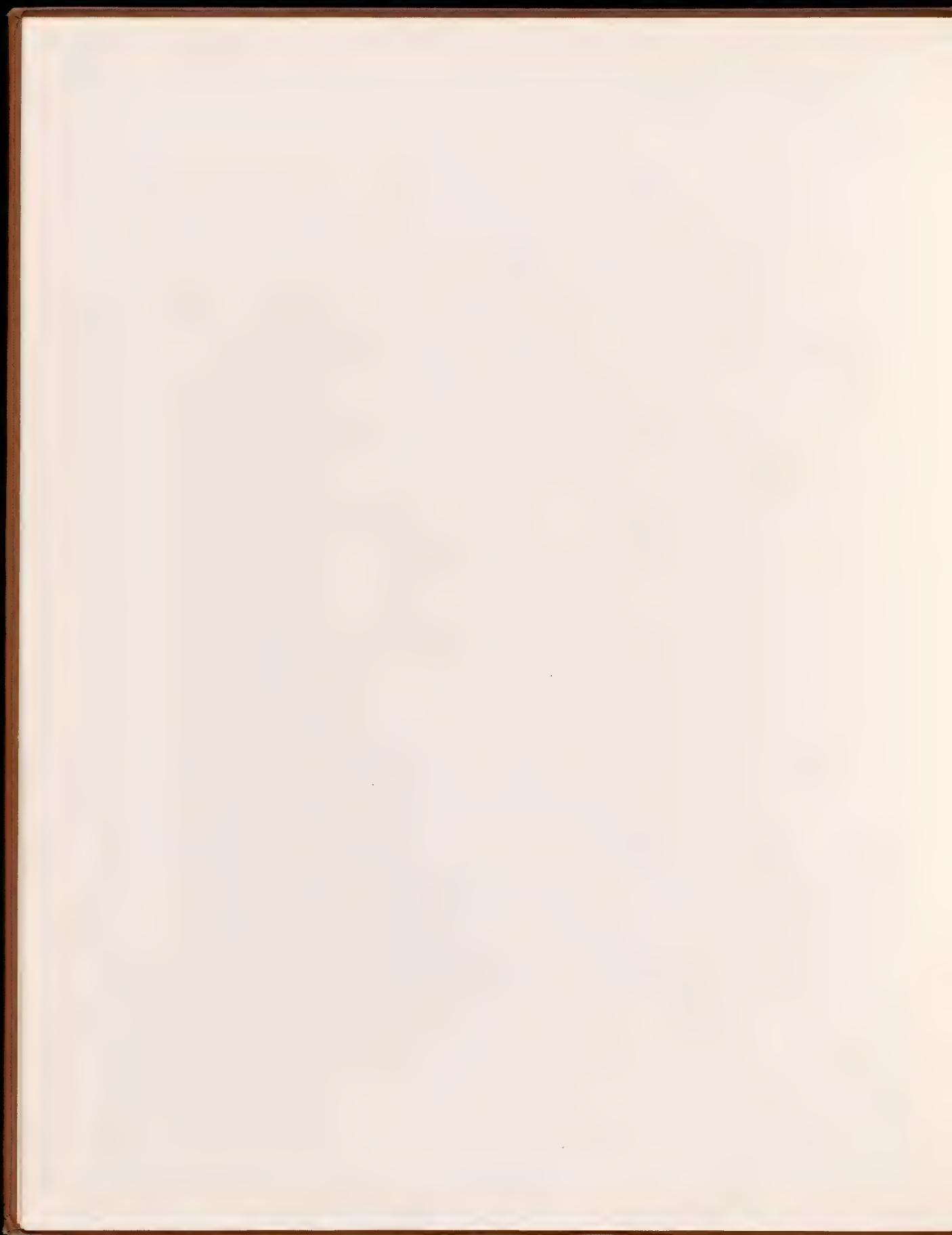
[Caswall Smith.

The Propylæa, Athens.

Among the many glories of the Acropolis the Propylæa held high place. Pausanias describes them as being exceptionally magnificent, and it is said that they rivalled even the Parthenon, and were the most splendid of all the buildings of Pericles. The western end of the Acropolis, which furnished the only access to the summit of the hill, was about 160 feet in breadth—a frontage so narrow that to the artists of Pericles it appeared practicable to fill up the space with a single building which, in serving the main purpose of a gateway, should help to adorn as well as to guard the citadel. A width of 58 feet near the centre was left for the grand entrance, and the remainder on either side was occupied by wings projecting 32 feet in front of the central colonnade. The Megaron, or great vestibule, in the centre, consisted of a front of six fluted Doric columns, which, mounted upon a stylobate of four steps, supported a pediment and measured five feet in diameter and nearly 29 feet in height, with an intercolumniation of seven feet, except between the two central columns, which were 13 feet apart, in order to furnish space for a carriageway. It is this front which is shown in Mr. Walcot's etching, a procession being in the act of passing through the wide intercolumniation. Behind this Doric colonnade was the vestibule, 43 feet in depth, the roof of which was sustained by six inner columns of Ionic order in a double row, and nearly 34 feet in height. The Propylæa were begun in the year 437 B.C., and were completed within five years under the direction of the architect Mnesicles.



THE PROPYΛEA ATHEINS.



The Etchings of William Walcot
with an
Appreciation by
Malcolm C. Salaman

The Etchings of William Walcot.

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

SOME painters in Paris were discussing British etching and wondering why, notwithstanding the high average of technical excellence in this country, so few of our etchers interested them artistically. An explanation was suggested by a famous French artist, who had explored and mastered the capacities of the principal graphic methods. "In England," he said, "most of the etchers are more preoccupied with correctness of technique than with the artistic impulse of expression." Whether this be true or not—and I fear there is a good deal of truth in it, else with the undisputed average of technical merit there would be many more than the few accepted master-etchers whose names will come readily to mind—no such criticism could apply to Mr. William Walcot. His etchings technically are a challenge to the purist who demands that all the tone of an etched plate shall be suggested by pure line only, holding that a true etcher's motive calls for no more than can be expressed by the clean bitten line of the Rembrandt tradition, or the furry line of the dry point, while a blending of these will be tolerated only in the way that Rembrandt used it for richer effect.



THE SACRED FAIR.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

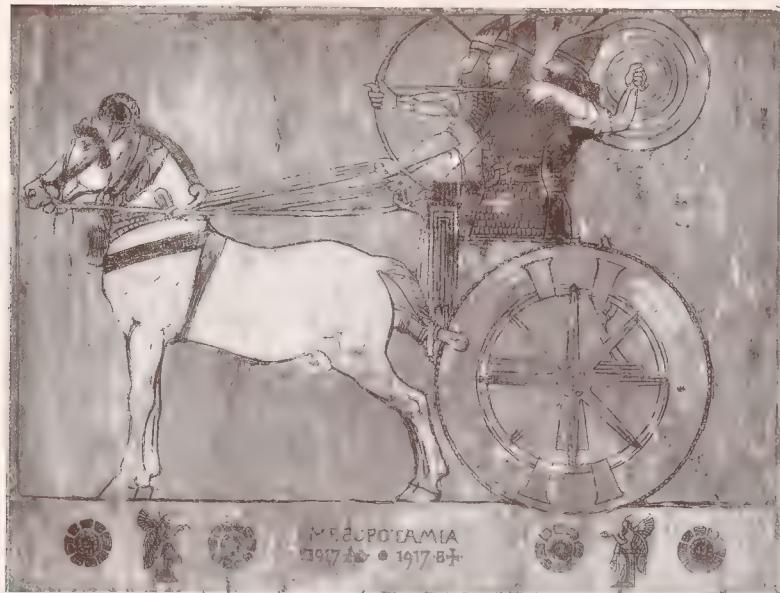
I do not suggest for a moment, however, that an artist of Mr. Walcot's sincerity, power, and individuality, has any thought of such a challenge. His imaginative vision seems to him, I suppose, to demand artistic expression upon the copper-plate, and he employs, with the honest faith of his art, all the resources he can command to get from the copper a print that will convey his pictorial conception. And this explains why so original an artist is unnamed in a recent much-discussed book on modern etching, which recognises only five living British etchers. For, indeed, we find Mr. Walcot using many devices that must be anathema to the purists of etching. Yet it would be difficult to imagine any really artistic collector shutting his portfolios against the vital art of Goya because that master chose to back up his etched line with aquatint. Now, Mr. Walcot's bitten line is responsive to a wonderfully sensitive draughtsmanship, but he has a feeling for tones



A GREEK LADY (600 B.C.).



THE TEMPLE OF BAAL



ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

in mass, and to produce the tones he wants he will have recourse to various subtleties of aquatint, and will even, quite unorthodoxly, dab spots and patches of acid on the ungrounded plate, leaving them just long enough to work his will. Foul-biting he uses very extensively and effectively. In one or two tones I fancy one may detect slight patches of grain resembling mezzotint. But, after all, the question is, not whether Mr. Walcot's independence of method offends against the strict canons of pure etching, but whether it is justified by the artistic results. In those great plates of his—the very size of which challenges the wisdom of Whistler's dictum that the "huge plate is an offence"—has Mr. Walcot achieved the artistic task he set himself? Has he pictorially revivified the ancient aspect of the Eternal City? Do his etchings with the magic of art give us such glimpses of ancient Rome, Egypt, and Babylon, as to quicken our imaginations in response to his, and bring the past to our present? I think the answer, to borrow the parliamentary phrase, is in the affirmative.

Let me speak personally. Since childhood I have been familiar with engraved pictures of Rome; in nearly every room of the house in which I first saw the light my father had hung



HADRIAN VISITING SALONIKA.

eighteenth century line engravings of the famous buildings of ancient Rome, not for archaeological study, not with any decorative purpose, but from sheer love of the delightful Rome he had known so intimately in the interesting eighteen-forties. To me these formal engravings suggested nothing of the living Rome of the Cæsars, however accurate they may have been as transcripts of the ruined buildings that long ages ago had been the functional centres of human activities. Without the emotional impulse of artistic creation they could make no appeal to my imagination, though I delighted always in the quaint groups of eighteenth-century ladies and gentlemen in hoop petticoats and broad-skirted coats, with perhaps a lumbering coach, that figured in many of the prints, making the antique times seem still more remote from human significance. Needless to say, there were no Piranesi among these engravings, for when I began to look at the august prints among that wonderful artist's *Opere Varie di Architettura*, I could not but receive through his majestic conception some visual notion of Imperial Rome. But Piranesi, with all his splendour of architectural imagination, never reconstructed for me, as Mr. Walcot has done in his group of great etchings, the actual Rome that Horace and Cicero knew, interpreting not only its architectural aspect, but the living atmosphere of its populace.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

It is, however, something more than interpretation that Mr. Walcot's etchings give us ; he has so thoroughly saturated himself with the spirit of ancient days, that his imagination works creatively, and he has "filled up, as 'twere anew the gaps of centuries." When he shows us a Roman building, peopled by such as might have listened to Mark Antony in the Forum, met Horace walking on the Via Sacra, or dined with Maecenas at his villa, we are persuaded that this very edifice stood once in Rome. For there is in Mr. Walcot's pictorial expression, not only a personal manner of persuasive urbanity that charms one away with him into the past, as the prose of Landor or Pater does, but an artistic distinction which, if we accept Buffon's definition of style as "the order and movement we put into our thoughts," is more than manner, and certainly is style. This inherent feeling for style lends a dignity and largeness to his design, and places his people just where the pictorial plan needs them, though it does not always restrain his emphasis of tone ; but it invests



PALLADIAN ROTUNDA.

the whole with the sense of life without forcing the note of vitality with any dramatic accent, such as might have tempted a lesser artist, even when the subject is a gladiatorial contest in the Colosseum or the performance of a tragedy of Sophocles at Hadrian's villa.

When Mr. Walcot introduces us to the *House of a Patrician*, and shows us the harmonious beauty and elegance of its approach—the paved courtyard with its marble seats, the busts along the parapet, the bath-like fountain, then the steps leading up to the terrace, where the trees and the statues are, and on up the broad stair-way to the noble entrance doors, with the handsome window and balcony above—it is here we realise, in the charm of the presentation, the artist's urbanity, which recalls that delightful letter of the Younger Pliny to his friend Gallus, describing with such fond fulness of detail his new Laurentine country house. This might surely be the "courtyard of cheerful aspect," and, since I have never enjoyed the privilege of meeting Mr. Walcot in the flesh, I can imagine him coming forward, in the garb of old Rome, to tell us, just as Pliny told his friend, "At the end of the terrace is a chalet which I am quite in love with—yes, literally in love with—for I built it myself." Those dark mysterious trees on the right hide this from us, of course ; but the "villa's pomp of marble" itself—*villa candens*, in the poet's phrase—proclaims in its



THE INIMITABLE LOVERS



BACCHANTE AND YOUNG FAUN.



ROMANS IN THE FORUM.



FORUM OF MINERVA.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

shining white with what skill the etcher has coaxed the copper-plate to suggest the truth of texture and how this differs from the brickwork and the painted plaster of the walls.

Inside the *House of the Patrician* Mr. Walcot allows us to forget the Younger Pliny and his amenities, for he takes us into the *Atrium*, the great hall, with all its pomp and circumstance, its statues, its paintings, its broidered hangings. Here we find ourselves among the people awaiting audience of the great man, people of importance some of them ; and here are guards and officers a group of them near one of the curtained entrances, and close by a table provided with wine and fruits, for here in the *Atrium* the family will sup. A scene well imagined, well designed ; and how admirable is the drawing—notably of the man who strides hurriedly across the floor dragging with him a child, drawn with a graceful lightness. The prominent movements of these two, man and child, contrasted with the heavy standing figures of the waiting groups give a sense of life to the scene, while a further note of vitality is suggested by the lady with the parrot in the foreground.



DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.

How well, and with what a just sense of pictorial proportion Mr. Walcot puts in his figures, and how alive they are ! His flexible line can be instinct with vitality when he chooses, and, when he draws a man or a group of men, those men, as Whistler said of the persons that Velasquez painted, stand upon their legs. You feel that the weight of their bodies is naturally poised, and their feet tread the ground with the sense of that weight. Is this not true of all those people in the *Atrium* ? Now, here in *A Morning in the Forum*, look at that soldier on the left with the spear in his out-stretched hand, with what dignity of carriage he advances his slow steps, and what pictorial value this dignity lends to the scene ! As much, indeed, as the pillars of the great Temple of Mars that dominates the scene. I suppose it is the Temple of Mars, for surely this is the splendid Forum of Augustus, and those statues in the niches on the right are those of the honoured warriors of Rome. A busy morning this, and evidently important matters are forward among the groups gathered for consultation and discussion. But I wish, for my complete enjoyment of this fine

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

plate, Mr. Walcot had been more subtle and less insistent in the aquatinting of that interesting group of Africans in the foreground. A little restraint, by the way, in this matter of aquatint tones might not have been amiss in certain other plates.

The ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, which have suggested two of Mr. Walcot's most attractive plates, inspired Shelley to write one of the loveliest masterpieces of English poetry. Yet who would think of associating "Prometheus Unbound" with Mr. Walcot's representatives of those wonderful *Thermae* that Heliogabalus and Severus built for the luxurious indulgence of decadent Rome? "This poem," writes Shelley in his Preface, "was written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air." In a letter, written just a hundred years ago, Shelley gives an exquisitely poetic description of the ruins, yet with still not one word about their original significance. Mr. Walcot, however, does not find the poetry of antique building in its picturesque ruin, but in the architecture's original



CAFÉ DE LA PAIX, PARIS.

beauty, as his mind's eye sees it, with the living character of its purpose; and so he creates for our vision live buildings of the past in actual use. Not for him to be content that "never was any desolation more sublime and lovely." "Those enormous halls, those towers and labyrinthine recesses, hidden and woven over by the wild growth of weeds and ivy," must be cleared of the verdure of centuries and built up again by the creative magic of pictorial art, with their conditions revivified by the interpretative imagination. Who shall think of desolation where once sixteen hundred noble Romans, as 'tis said, could simultaneously enjoy hot baths, and find at hand every conceivable factor of fashion, pleasure and amusement? I can fancy all the "antique Roman" in Mr. Walcot rising at the idea, and so, with the wizardry of his art, in one plate he presents to us the *Tepidarium* in its adorned beauty of wall and arched recess, with the luxurious idlers enjoying the tepid phase of their bathing or the couched after-rubbing in the recesses; while in yet a larger plate, and a more sumptuous, he shows us the noble *Frigidarium*, with its many columns and its vaulted bays, and the bathers disporting in the huge swimming-bath. Aquatint and foul-biting are



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



VENETIAN BOATYARD



GIUDECCA No. 1

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

very important tonal factors in this plate, while to Mr. Walcot's spontaneous and freely intuitive draughtsmanship is due the vivid human expression of the scene.

In the animate presentment of a crowd Mr. Walcot is invariably happy, and his impressive design of the *Triumphal Arch* is invested with a live interest by the pageant of the Triumph in actual progress, the great sloping flags borne by the marching troops lending greater dignity to the lines of the arch and weight to the mass. This pictorial relation of collective human movement with the stately beauty of the arch is also the motive of a small and delicate plate, *Emperor Hadrian entering Salonika*, and here the serene expression of the marble is charmingly suggested by simply the etched line, so we may be content not to question the period of this particular arch. The crowd again plays an important part in *A Tragedy by Sophocles*, a very noble plate, and the varied treatment of the grouped spectators in the auditorium is extraordinarily interesting, particularly the spotty handling of the people in the upper rows of seats, which, though it may be a device of deep acid-biting, reminds one of that gifted and original artist, Arthur Melville's method of picturing the crowd in his wonderful water-colour drawings of the national religious festivals in modern



MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW.

Egypt, and of once, too, when he brought his sketch-book to Henley and, from a houseboat, put in the whole life and colour of the regatta with dots of colour as richly as if it had been one of his favourite scenes in Cairo. A similar kind of effect in black and white serves Mr. Walcot, and here we are with him in, I presume, one of the Greek theatres that Hadrian had built in his villa, and the art-loving Emperor is present with a great company, listening, not to one of the new comedies of Menander, now so popular in Athens, but to a Sophoclean tragedy—the “Œdipus Rex,” is it not?—now somewhat out of fashion in the Attic Theatre, but commanded by Hadrian to recall the greater days while he dreams himself back in his beloved Athens. This spirit of the past haunts one at Mr. Walcot's bidding, but I am called to the present by the happy recognition that the artist's sense of pictorial plan does not allow him, in these spacious and crowded pictures, to make any mistake in focussing the interest; the amount of definition—or indefiniteness—being regulated by a fine instinct. These qualities of Mr. Walcot's, which may be summed up as pictorial tact, prevent one regarding that amazing plate *A Performance at the Colosseum as a tour de force*; yet a real pictorial triumph is the impressionist presentation of this vast assembly in the “gladiator's bloody circus,” as Byron calls it, with the interest so tactfully balanced between the multitude of spectators spread over the huge amphitheatre, fronted by the Imperial party, and the mortal combats in the arena, where already one sees evidence that this “Roman holiday” is like to be complete.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

There are still plates to speak of, did space permit, distinguished plates in which Mr. Walcot has shown other phases of his expression; those, for instance, in which the mighty past of the East has been his inspiration. *Babylon*, with its spacious vista of the great plain; and the two important plates in which the artist, having projected his imagination into the days of *Mark Antony in Egypt*, shows us, in *The Temple of Isis* and *The Visit to Cleopatra*, that his pictorial vision is as impressive in its conception of the solemn massive architecture of ancient Egypt as it is alertly graceful in its interpretation of the buildings that made the glory and the beauty of Imperial Rome.

Not only the buildings and the life of the past, however, engage Mr. Walcot's pictorial interest. He feels also the living charm of the great modern cities, and the architectural character of London, Edinburgh, Paris, Venice, appeals to him as artistically, though not perhaps as emotionally, as does



TUFTON STREET WESTMINSTER.

that of ancient Rome and Egypt, only he applies to its interpretation daintier methods and a lesser scale of vision. The plates are small, and his needle and acid achieve their pictorial ends with a delicacy which has a charm of its own, atmospheric effect being a primary aim. So we see, with artistic suggestion of truth, the familiar streets and buildings in their actual circumstances, with the typical life of London in movement about them. *St. Mary-le-Strand*, *Charing Cross*, *Regent Street*, *London Bridge*, *St. Paul's—North-West Corner*, *The Thames from Waterloo Bridge*: all these are plates of a dainty charm, if no special distinction. So, too, are some of the Edinburgh and Venice subjects. Perhaps I may be forgiven if my artistic emotions are stirred more deeply by Mr. Walcot's great imaginative plates, and by a little etching called *Calvary—The Elevation of the Cross*, in which the line is sensitive with the vitality of truly expressive draughtsmanship. This is but the slightest of sketches, yet it suggests the touch and conception of a master.



PARLIAMENT SQUARE EDINBURGH.



THE FORTH BRIDGE



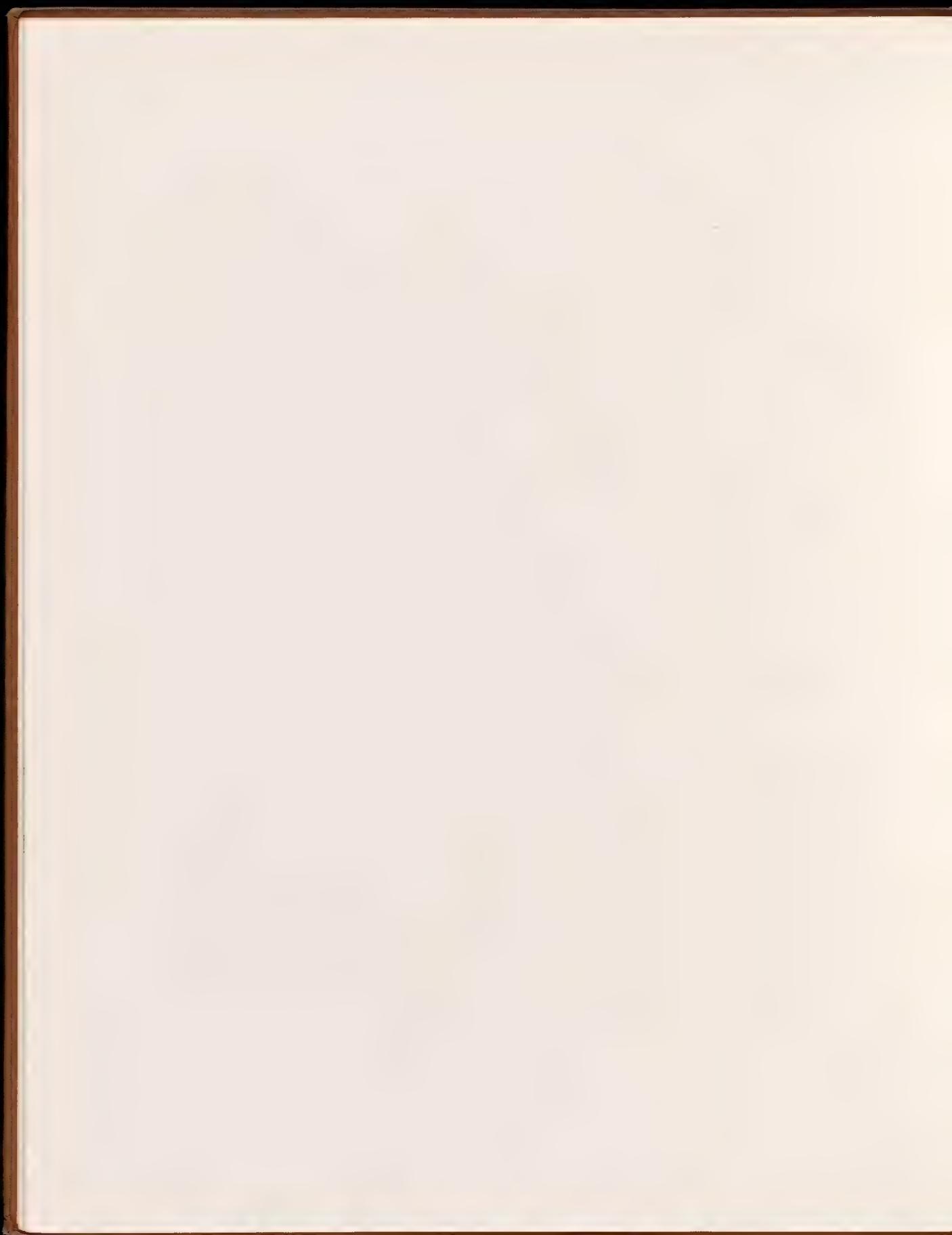
KING CHARLES'S STATUE, CHARING CROSS.



HOLYROOD PALACE.



Restorations of
Classic and Other Buildings.



The so-called Stadium of Domitian and the Caracalla Frigidarium.

By THOMAS ASHBY, D.Litt., F.S.A., Director of the British School at Rome.

The present appearance of the Imperial palace on the Palatine is very largely due to Domitian, the son of Vespasian, who ruled over the Roman Empire from A.D. 81 until his assassination A.D. 96. On the north-west summit of the hill he found a palace, erected originally by Tiberius, but probably much damaged by the fire of Nero. This he reconstructed on the old lines, slightly increasing its area (it was afterwards added to by Hadrian), and entirely rebuilding the approaches to it from the Forum. On the south-east summit, as recent excavations have shown, another palace had been erected by either Tiberius or one of his immediate successors, decorated with very fine marble incrustation on both walls and pavements, and with paintings of considerable decorative merit on the walls. Concrete foundations, which may be seen under the level of the floor of the triclinium, or State dining-room, of the palace of Domitian, have been ruthlessly driven through these remains, probably (indeed there is no other emperor to whom they can be attributed) by Nero, when, after the fire of A.D. 64, which destroyed apparently the greater part of the buildings on the Palatine, he decided on the construction of the enormous Golden House, and absorbed not only the whole of the Palatine but the Velia and part of the Esquiline as well, the total area covered being more than one half greater than that occupied by the Vatican, including the garden, St. Peter's, and the piazza in front of it.

It would not seem, however, that on the Palatine Nero's building activity had produced very considerable results (and indeed, as we know, the main buildings of the Domus Aurea were on the Esquiline) by the time that, only four years later, he perished; and Domitian's architect, Rabirius, had therefore an entirely free hand, of which he took full advantage. The palace which he erected on the south-east part of the hill falls into three main divisions—the State apartments, with the principal entrance facing the old palace of Tiberius; the private apartments, partly on the same level, but with a large courtyard at a lower level on the south-west towards the Circus Maximus; and the so-called stadium, which is in reality a garden, also on the lower level. There is also a considerable amount of construction of the period of Domitian on the farther side (south-east) of the garden, but later emperors, notably Septimius Severus, enlarged the Imperial palace on this side, and a certain amount of meticulous study of the various kinds of brickwork in the facing of the concrete walls is required before one can arrive at any degree of certainty in assigning any particular group of walls to one emperor or another.

We have said that the so-called stadium is really a garden, and it will be well to explain our meaning briefly. The building with which we are dealing is a rectangular space, measuring some hundred and seventy by fifty yards, running from north-east to south-west, the latter end being curved. The only mention of it by any ancient author is in the *Acts of S. Sebastian*, who was brought by Diocletian into the "hippodrome" of the Imperial palace and beaten to death. Most writers on the subject have therefore taken the name literally, without considering that a letter of Pliny the younger clearly shows that as early as his day it was in common use to denote a formal garden of narrow, rectangular shape, which was obviously a favourite plan. We know that Pliny himself had one in his villa at Laurentum, and there were two in the villa of the Quintili on the Via Appia.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

An examination of the building itself brings us to the same conclusion. The central space is surrounded by a portico supported by pillars, decorated with half columns of brick-faced concrete, faced with slabs of porta santa marble, and with bases of white marble. Most writers on the subject tell us that these pillars were added by Hadrian, or even by Septimius Severus, but a careful examination of the brick facing reveals the fact that, while some of them were reconstructed by the latter emperor, enough remains of the original pillars to leave no doubt that they should be assigned to the original construction of Domitian; and the evidence of brick stamps leads us to the same conclusion. The vaulting of the arcade which they supported must have been in places restored by Hadrian, to go by evidence of the same nature.

On the south-east side an enormous apsidal niche, or exedra, rises to a height of 120 ft., and this too has by most topographers been supposed to belong either to the time of Hadrian or to that of Septimius Severus; but here again there seems to be no doubt that the brick facing is contemporary with that of the walls of the main building, and all the brick stamps discovered in situ, as distinct from those found loose, need not be dated later than the end of the first century A.D.* We need not therefore have recourse to the expedient to which a guide is said to have resorted. Confused, apparently, by the various views which are current on this subject, he was heard to explain to the party of tourists whom he was conducting, that "zis vos ze stadium vere zey ran ze races, and Domitian 'e sat on ze von side and 'Adrian 'e sat on ze ozzer."

After the foregoing exposition, let us turn, perhaps with a sigh of relief, to Mr. Walcot's interpretation of the remains which we have been describing in some detail, in order that the purpose and date of the building before us might be clear. Mr. Walcot has selected for illustration the great exedra on the south-east, and has purposely emphasised its importance somewhat at the expense of the rest of the edifice. It is true that architects have not by any means been in complete agreement as to the way in which the restoration should be made. Thus, though Commendatore Boni, in his actual reconstruction of a small portion of the portico on the north-west side of the garden, has made arches spring from the half-columns which, as we have seen, ornamented the pillars that supported the coffered barrel-vaulting of the arcade, the restorations of Pascal and Deglane—both made, it is true, before the north-east end was excavated in 1894—show a flat architrave above the columns; and Mr. Walcot has followed their example. From an archaeological point of view, it seems probable that Commendatore Boni is right, and the height of the arches is inferred, and apparently correctly, from the existence of relieving arches in the back wall of the portico; but the arches are not well proportioned, being too narrow for their height; and there being legitimate grounds for doubt in the matter, Mr. Walcot has, perhaps, been not unwise in selecting the more artistic alternative.

He has, too, slightly diminished the height of the space above the architrave, which the Italian archaeologists who were in charge of the excavations of 1894 conceive to have been decorated with a frieze, and above that with plain panels divided by carved pilasters, fragments of which they actually discovered. In this particular he has again taken the same course as the two French architects.

There is great difference of opinion as to the way in which the upper portion of the building should be reconstructed. Mr. Walcot confines himself to terraces overlooking the central space; while most of the other attempts at the solution of the problem carry it up as far as the springing of the half-dome of the exedra. The Italian excavators place two open colonnades above the arcade on the ground floor, arguing from the fact that columns of granite and of pavonazzetto marble, of two different sizes, have been found; while others prefer to attribute the smaller columns to the decoration of the interior of the exedra (placing them between the niches), and therefore place

* Some of Domitian's walls were refaced by Septimius Severus when he extended the palace to the south-east.



THE SO-CALLED STADIUM OF DOMITIAN ON THE PALATINE HILL, ROME.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

only one order above the ground floor, or even none at all, as the latest German authority, Haugwitz, does. It must be confessed that, though here he is following Deglane, the whole looks very dull and formal.

The interior of the building was thus certainly not a hippodrome—there is no space for horse-races, and we can explain the name otherwise quite satisfactorily—and we must view it as a garden. This is confirmed by the fact that remains have been found of the marble gutters and edgings which bounded the paths or the beds. At the same time, the existence at each end of a semicircular fountain basin, occupying the position which would be assigned to the *metæ* or goals in the actual circus or hippodrome, makes it not at all impossible that there were paths or drives, a certain number of “laps” of which would make up a measured mile.* As we know, the Romans were quite addicted to taking their exercise in this way ; and in the present and other instances it is also quite possible that the paths were used as foot-racing tracks. Mr. Walcot has thus depicted the start of such a foot-race in the foreground, while the emperor and the favoured few look on from the terrace in front of the exedra, and others from the interior of the arcade on the ground floor or from the upper terraces at the sides. The great apse, which, as we have seen, Mr. Walcot makes the central point of his composition, towers up in all the splendour of its polychrome decoration—marbles of every hue enclosing the statues in the great niches of its main order, with winged Victories above the columns, and above them again the gilded (or, perhaps, plain white) coffering of the huge semi-dome. To interpret the ruins of the past greatness of Rome, and from them to attempt to reconstruct the magnificence of its glorious days, is the task which Mr. Walcot has set himself ; and certainly the vividness of his conception, and the skill with which he has expressed it in his fine plate, will help many of us in a similar attempt.

The *Frigidarium* of the Baths of Caracalla is a building well known to all architects, and neither its date nor its purpose is in dispute. It was probably begun A.D. 211 and dedicated in 216, though at that time only the main building was completed, the outer enclosure being the work of his successors. The main building itself is constructed on the typical plan, which was very closely followed in the baths of Diocletian. The main axis runs from north-east to south-west, and on it lie the three main halls—the *frigidarium* (or cold bath), the central hall (hitherto generally known as the *tepidarium*, though a glance at the plan would have clearly shown that the large openings by which it is pierced on every side would have made it impossible to retain any heat in it †), and the *calidarium* (or hot room), approached by a smaller room with only two doors, which is to be identified with the *tepidarium*. At each end of the central hall lay a palestra, or open court, for gymnastic exercises ; and at each end of the *frigidarium* were the entrance halls, dressing-rooms, etc., the north-east wall of the *frigidarium*, which formed part of the main façade of the building, being unbroken except by a series of niches, decorated with statues and flanked by columns, on the inside.

It is the west angle of the *frigidarium* that Mr. Walcot's etching shows. On the left is the opening leading into the central hall on the south-west side, and next to it comes one of the two large semi-circular niches which flanked it ; while on the right of the picture is the passage-way to the ante-rooms. We notice, on each side of the semi-circular niche, one of the eight huge columns of grey Oriental granite with which this great hall was decorated ; the entrances on the right and left were adorned with smaller columns. Above the passage leading to the central hall is a lunette, which Mr. Walcot has filled in with openwork screens of marble. The design of these is taken from the window-frames, executed in plaster, which have been discovered in the recent work of

* This suggestion was made to me by Dr. Giuseppe Lugli.

† Recent excavations have shown that there were no arrangements for heating this central hall. The same considerations apply to the central hall of the baths of Diocletian, now the church of S. Maria degli Angeli.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

restoration in the fifth century church of S. Sabina on the Aventine. These were added in the ninth century, and the original panes were of selenite—a yellowish, transparent, crystallised gesso, which gives a very soft and beautiful light. It is quite possible, however, that in the baths we have to imagine that the screens would have been open, for it is clear that the *frigidarium* was only designed for use in the heat of summer, inasmuch as it is on the north-east side of the building, and possesses no arrangements for warming the water to an even moderate temperature in the winter.

The ceiling appears to have been flat. Caracalla's biographer speaks of a hall in these baths, which was called the *cella soliaris* and excited the wonder of architects owing to the enormous span of its ceiling, which was said to be supported by concealed girders of bronze or copper. Now, in the excavations of 1872-3, large fragments of fallen vaulting were found, which "appeared to be pierced by iron bars about one metre long, with the upper end bent like a hasp at the lower end. Perhaps the girders were not exactly imbedded in the roof, but the roof itself was hung, as it were, to the girders by means of these iron crooks." * It has therefore been generally supposed that this hall was the *cella soliaris*. But a French scholar, M. de Pachtère † has recently pointed out that, at Mdaourouch in North Africa, inscriptions speak of a *cella soliaris* and of *solia*, which, we learn, though it originally meant a throne, is also frequently used in the sense of a bath for a single person, and, more particularly, a hot bath. The *cella soliaris* of the baths of Caracalla, therefore, is not the *frigidarium* at all, but the *calidarium*, the huge circular hall on the south-west, with its domed roof, in which, as recent excavations have shown, there was no central basin; but hot baths were taken in smaller basins arranged round the room. The girders of which we have spoken are not to be detected in the remains of this huge rotunda, and the whole story may well have only been hearsay repeated by a writer of nearly a century later.

The swimming-pool was some fifty-seven yards long by twenty-six wide, and approached by marble steps on all sides except the north-east. The water was admitted by a series of openings on this side, and the waste let out on this side also. The underground passages, which served for the service of the bath and for drainage of the waste water, are very remarkable and comparatively little known. The examination of them, which was undertaken about twenty years ago, produced some striking results and showed how perfect was the planning of these enormous buildings; it also became clear to what an extent the architect had provided against the strains and thrusts to which the various parts of the huge building would be subjected, by a very perfect system of sleeper walls connecting them, so as to distribute the pressure.

Mr. Walcot's etching naturally takes no account of these details, but shows us what was the aspect of these great baths in their prime, when they were thronged with thousands of bathers, a few of whom are seen in the swimming pool, while others, no doubt, were taking their hot bath before the rub down and plunge into the cold water, which, as in the modern Turkish bath, ended the process. But these great establishments served for other purposes as well—poets recited their poems, rhetoricians their speeches, philosophers discoursed, and friends met there. In the gardens, porticoes, and libraries which surrounded the central building many others occupied their time in various ways—for the Roman thermal establishments were also places of resort, meeting, and amusement.

Both this and the etching of the so-called stadium are well fitted to give us an idea of the splendour of Imperial Rome, and to help us in imagination to reconstruct the life that once went on among its now silent ruins; and it may be hoped that they will inspire students of architecture with the desire to examine these ruins for themselves, and thus to profit by the many lessons that can be learnt from them.

* Lanciani, "Ruins and Excavations," 53 f.
† "Mélanges de l'Ecole Française de Rome," XXIX (1909), 401.



THE FRIGIDARIUM OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Baths of Caracalla.

By W. G. NEWTON, M.A.

The baths, the Thermæ of the Imperial cities, were no mere bathing establishments. They seem rather to have been what the agora was to the Greek, what the bazaar is to the Oriental. The Roman, as a South European, was in essence a lounger upon boulevards, eager to meet his fellow citizen and discuss the news from Syria, the fashionable religious cult, or the latest scandal in the Imperial household. And the Thermæ of the Roman Empire were her "market-places," where gossip was bartered for gossip, and poet and athlete, philosopher and man-about-town, met on a ground of common citizenship.

The Thermæ or Baths in this extended sense seem to have been a product of the Empire. Baths the Romans perhaps always had. We read somewhere of Scipio rebuking the luxury of anything more elaborate than his own meagre bathing establishment. These small affairs have been unearthed at Pompeii, and it is such that Vitruvius describes; and no doubt there were hundreds in Imperial Rome. But these were no more than places of washing and bodily refreshment, and were hardly even the parents of the Thermæ. Those I have likened in part to the Oriental bazaar, and it is plausible to suggest that they are a symptom of that orientalising of the Empire which is noticeable after Nero.

Titus—Caracalla—Diocletian: It is perhaps curious that these three emperors should have been chosen by time to have their names linked for ever with the most characteristic of Roman buildings. Titus, "the darling of the human race," did not reign long enough to grow out of the affectionate nick-name. Diocletian, after some years of skilful statesmanship, retired to grow cabbages on the Adriatic coast. Caracalla was perhaps of the three the most typically a Roman Emperor. Left by his father Severus in joint possession of the throne with his brother Geta, he had the latter assassinated in his mother's arms, put twenty thousand of his friends to death, and then within a year left Rome for ever, to tour the Empire and make each province in turn the scene of his rapine and cruelty, and to be finally murdered by his bodyguard on a pilgrimage to the Temple of the Moon at Carrhae. And here, under the dome of the Caldarium of the Thermae he had built, with its marble walls and floors so finely indicated by the sweep of Mr. Walcot's etching needle, we may imagine the gossips gathered round the scent fountains and languidly wondering whether the man who arranged his murder will be the next emperor of Rome. Here against the broad sweep of wall and floor the figures are a just and delicate flutter of detail, and no more. It is impressionist archaeology, and valuable as going to the heart of the matter. It seems irrelevant to ask whether the detail of the ornament is such as research has ascribed to the Caldarium of the Baths of Caracalla when we feel so surely that the spirit of the drawing is the spirit of the past—that crude and spacious magnificence which is one aspect of the Roman Empire.



THE CALDARIUM OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

The Spirit of Rome.

By W. R. LETHABY.

Mr. Walcot's fine etchings of Roman architecture evoke in our minds some appreciation of a great epoch. They seek rather to express the spirit of antique civic art than to be essays in exact archaeology. All of us who have seen the ruins of Rome, and have some book knowledge about them, will feel how admirably the Roman imperial ideal in art is here pictured for our eyes. The plates tell their own story in a way which calls for no added verbal explanation ; but they have specially interested me as illustrating ancient ideas of civilization, and a spirit in architecture.

The Great Forum in Rome is a whole valley filled up with important public buildings. At the city end it is overlooked by the Capitol, and the farther end is almost blocked by the immense, island-like bulk of the Colosseum ; on the right side is the hill on which are the imperial palaces, and on the left are great baths. In the area of this splendid civic centre were basilicas, temples, triumphal arches, and public statues. This, indeed, was a worthy heart of an empire. (See p. 51).

The ellipse of the Colosseum is about 625 feet by 525 feet, and the exterior wall rises nearly 160 feet. The space beneath the banks of seats shown in Mr. Walcot's etching on page 47 is occupied by a wonderfully ingenious and complicated series of storeys, concrete-vaulted passages and stairs giving access to different tiers of the interior. Three of these storeys open with arches to the exterior, and above them is a deep attic, say 50 feet high. The exterior is built of fine masonry in large blocks set without mortar. Next to the great Pyramids, the Colosseum must have swallowed more stone than any other structure ever reared by man : the Pyramids were the tombs of Pharaohs ; the Colosseum was built for Roman holidays. At least the Roman rulers did give the people bread and circuses.

The Basilica of Constantine is also in the Great Forum, about half-way down on the left. It is remarkable as the largest single room ever built on a simple oblong plan ; its central "nave" is nearly 300 feet long, including its apse, and no less than 82 feet wide. This central space was covered by a truly colossal concrete vault, groined in three bays, and about 115 feet high. On either side is an "aisle" made up of three "halls" connected together by openings through the transverse buttressing masses. These "halls," 55 feet wide, are vaulted transversely and thus form a perfect abutment against the main span. It is these "halls" which are shown in the etching on page 55 ; the vaulting has deep octagonal coffers ; the great vault was still more elaborate, having a series of cross-shaped compartments separating the main octagons, the intermediate spaces being filled with subsidiary panels. A similar design occurs in mosaics on the vault of Sta. Costanza built by Constantine, and although the Basilica of Constantine was begun by his predecessor, the central vault must, I think, have been his and "Christian." These vaults were completed by fine plasterwork. The side vaults are completed above externally by level terrace roofs, from which strong buttress ramps slant towards the clerestory ; the central roof was also solid, having flat-pitched slopes following the internal vaulting. The lower parts of the walls on the interior were plated with marble, and portions of a superb floor of marble and of red and green porphyry still exist. The outside walls were plastered, as were also those of the Pantheon and of the Baths. Altogether, the Basilica of Constantine is probably the noblest hall ever erected ; in size and general disposition of parts it is so much like Sta. Sophia in Constantinople that I think it must have been studied by the designer of that splendid church.

Roman architecture had much in common with all fine schools of building art, as largeness and clearness of planning and soundness of construction. Further, it often attained a frankness

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

of expression which only the greatest schools share with it, and the solutions reached in the great Baths, in the Colosseum, and, above all, in the Pantheon, are for the most part entirely intelligible and scientific.

After the mystical eloquence by which we have so long been dosed to sleep, it is delightful to read what a real critic of architecture like M. Guadet demonstrates of these buildings, especially of the Pantheon—that they are noble because of the strict rationality of their disposition and construction.

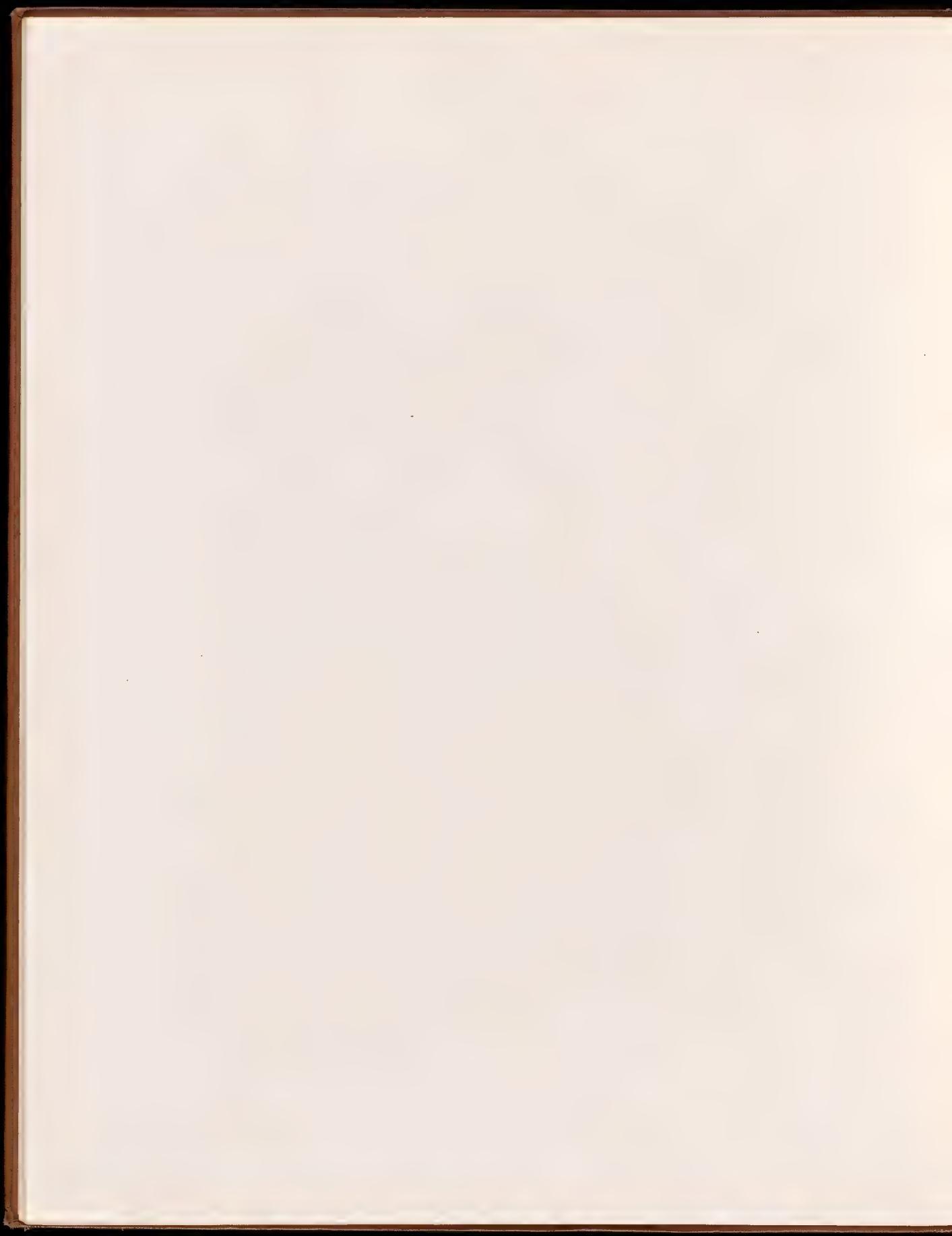
The older historians misled us as to the development of building in Rome into a view that was neither true nor just. It was believed that there had been an advanced native Latin and Etruscan art of building which boldly and openly used the arch, and that later Roman architects sought to disguise this arched construction under entablatures and columns clumsily imitated from Greek architecture. But, in truth, the historical development of Roman building was just the reverse of this. In the Hellenic colonies of Italy full and perfect Greek architecture had been practised from about the sixth century B.C., and the ruins of many buildings comparable to the Parthenon still exist. All over the peninsula from this time to about the first century B.C. the buildings, so far as they were not barbaric, were Greek in character. Between what the older scholars regarded as the typical architectures of Greece and of Rome came, in fact, a great intermediate transitional "style" which was worked out in the eastern parts of Alexander's empire rather than in Rome—in Alexandria, the new capital, in Ephesus and other opulent cities of Asia Minor and Syria, and even in Pompeii. In this forcing and freeing time of Hellenistic art practically every detail which we are apt to consider "Roman" was produced and then perfected to a point that was never accomplished in Rome itself. Arches and domes of stone and brick were largely used in structures; new types of planning were developed; the "Roman" forms of Doric, Corinthian, and Composite capitals were produced; and new methods of decoration were practised. These decorative processes were often of the nature of a surface vesture to rough brick walls and vaults; plane surfaces were plated over with thin sheets of precious marbles, while the vaults were covered with vitreous mosaics and delicate reliefs in plasterwork; the plainer plastered surfaces being brilliantly painted. Rome brought in the vaults and arches at first timidly under "trabeated" lines.

During the whole of the time, however, the masters were working towards free arched construction, such as is found in the vast Baths of Caracalla; then this structural art, free and frank, passed imperceptibly into Byzantine building, in which the old pillar-and-beam architecture was entirely merged into the architecture of domical roofing sustained by wall masses. Greek temple architecture, when it had once been perfected by the religious impulse of the ancient world, was regarded with awe as sacred and perfect; and so after a time it became an ill-understood mystery. It was the task of the Hellenistic and Roman masters to bring back architecture from these theories to a new life in building once more.

This is very much the same problem which modern minds have to solve: to remove "architecture" from being a bogey mystery, which adepts write about as experts in table-turning might on their art, into just modern building—frank, sound, and joyous. The special spirit of Rome was for herself, and not for all time; but the lesson for us is that Rome had a spirit which was not only expressed in worthy units of building, but in splendid organic groups. She was great in her own spirit, in her own time and way. The greatest of our needs in modern architecture is this of the Spirit; indeed, we have hardly heard that there is a national spirit in art and all the things of civilization. I mean this in the most practical way, and remembering my own training, such as it was. Architecture, I used to think, was an individual thing, or, at most, it was something

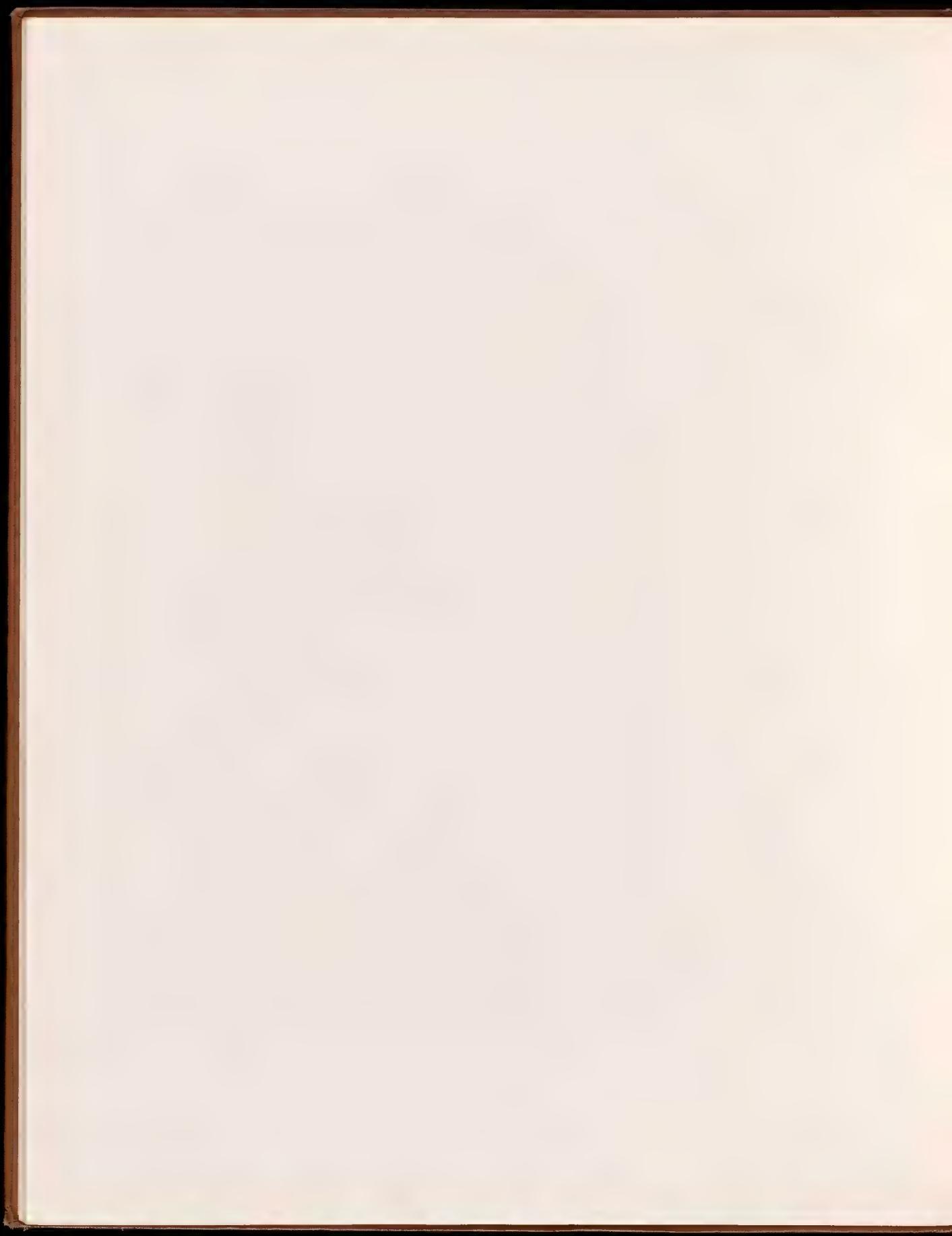


EXTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.





A PERFORMANCE AT THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.



ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

which concerned only a particular client and a particular architect. It required genius ; we thought much of genius—too much—and of common sense too little. The idea of public spirit, of city unity, of reasonable service in the cause of civilization, never entered my head. In some such idea, however, might be found, I think, a steady force which would correct the architectural anarchy of our streets, and it should form a basis for an understandable theory of criticism. We, as members of the public, have rights in the streets, and it is these common rights the critics should try to preserve. We want an agreed centre for our volatile opinions to gather round, and I suggest that it may to some extent be found in the idea of public spirit and civic service.

On the point of economy I would add some few words. Economy, it seems to me, is not merely a negative thing, the saving of cost by any means, the lowering of standard into poverty and squalor, producing an architecture of temporary shanties like that of our underground railway stations. It is rather a positive virtue in all the arts of civilization and life. The ideal of economy is to obtain full value for the outlay of power, counted either as labour or money ; it implies the science of effort, and reverence for all workmanship.

Economy, then, is a large, leading idea which might be held to embody—when “rightly understood”—nearly all we want in architecture ; it is another aspect of the central reality. The great Roman monuments were economical in that they were worthy, substantial, and lasting. As soon as our modern buildings are completed, or before, the annual charge for repairs begins ; but most of the Roman buildings look as if they had never become invalidated so as to require this costly outlay of continuous nursing. We have to devise better roofs than the ordinary jumble of gutters and hips and valleys and ridge tiles and thin slating, we have to solve the chimney question and the chimney-pot question and the parapet question ; also the cement-pointing question and the floor-board question and the plaster-ceiling question. These make up the body of architecture more than all our superstitions about Classic and Romantic and Renaissance, and about Orders and proportion, and styles and manners. If we would have a true architecture we must substitute understandable modern ideas like economy, soundness, efficiency, for all this twaddle about the appearances which, after all the talk, do not appear in our streets. Pericles, in his noble address to the Athenians, said : “I have given you beauty with cheapness”—a phrase which has been boggled at by the word-learned, whose idea, I suppose, being that art is extravagance, cannot see that cheapness with beauty—that is, economy—would be just the Greek ideal of the highest art, notwithstanding that the colossal statue of Athene was made of ivory and gold with diamond-set eyes.

There is a passage in a work by the late Dr. Emile Reich on this subject of the interdependence of national spirit and national production. After speaking of the “high-strung” temper and vitality of the populations of the small cities of Greece, he says : “The Periclean age has always been considered the hey-day not only of Athenian but of all history. The unparalleled buildings which rose by the influence of Pericles on and near the Acropolis of Athens, covered with sculptures by the master hand of Pheidias and his great pupils, rendered Athens the most beautiful city of all ages. Together with the artistic we note the intellectual exuberance, a humanity and urbanity of every one Athenian citizen, such as has since only been feebly imitated by the Italians of the Renaissance and by the modern French. . . . Add to the unique splendour of their intellect, their wit, their military glory, their power of commerce, and it is impossible not to bow before the citizens of a small commonwealth who united in them all the qualities for which a score of modern European nations are severally famous. As the Parthenon towers over all products of human ingenuity, so does Athens over all politics known to human history.” The conception here expressed of there having been throughout historical development particular periods of “high-strung” concentration is, I think, distinctly valuable. Our task is to bring about the concentration of mind, and the works will follow.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

We have lived under an anarchy of opinions, and have hardly yet risen to the idea that to produce finely we must first get some approach to a common mind which shall be set in that direction—a national and civic psychology which shall be interested in inducing a high tide in civilization, in art, learning, and life. If we would build up a noble civilization, we have to find and follow after a spirit, a spirit which shall truly express us, as Roman architecture expressed the Romans. When we have the concentrated mind it will find the proper form for all things.



THE FORUM, ROME

A Court of Justice.

A Court of Justice.

By IAN IVOR.

The multiplex administration of Roman Justice, the diverse functions which the ancient Roman life demanded of it, are, for us, some of the most interesting questions which Roman history suggests, for not only has the essence of the Roman Code been absorbed by subsequent civilizations down to our own, but with it much of the original ceremony as elaborated by ancient ideas and customs. In the persistence of both, we can understand how the basis of Roman Justice as first evolved by the Republic possessed an integrity which could withstand the tendencies of the Emperors to undermine and undo by an excess of mere ceremony instead of straightforward simplicity of administration. As in the buildings of the time, the true Roman spirit is underneath, and the real meaning and seriousness of Roman law is no more affected by the overlying pomp than is the solemnity of the Court of Justice itself put in jeopardy by the light and fantastic figures which strike the decorative note of the period, and which the artist has here caught so well in the delightful winged Victory beneath the full strength and power of the Roman arch and vault.

We have in this plate a Roman Basilica, the ultimate form of the Roman Tribunal, and the scene depicted gives us the ceremony attached to the opening of a court of law. We have the procession of the magistrate—the Consul, or his colleague, the Praetor—from the Curia, after the religious ceremonies attached to a new office have been duly performed, just as our own courts are opened by a procession of judges from Westminster to the Strand.

For the building itself Mr. Walcot has equal justification, for the “Court of Justice” is no mere architect’s dream, but a reconstruction of the great Basilica of Constantine, one of the most dominating ruins of all Rome. This building, with its complex plan and towering concrete vaults, was a striking departure from the earliest simple type as evolved by the growing necessity to provide better accommodation for the varied business of the city so long conducted in the open forums. The Basilica of Constantine had, in fact, much more in common with the church-like central apartments of the imperial Baths, with their inexhaustible opportunities for lavish decoration and rich appurtenances which, despite a grandeur not to be denied, were soon to indicate the decline of Roman art.



A COURT OF JUSTICE
(After the Basilica of Constantine at Rome).

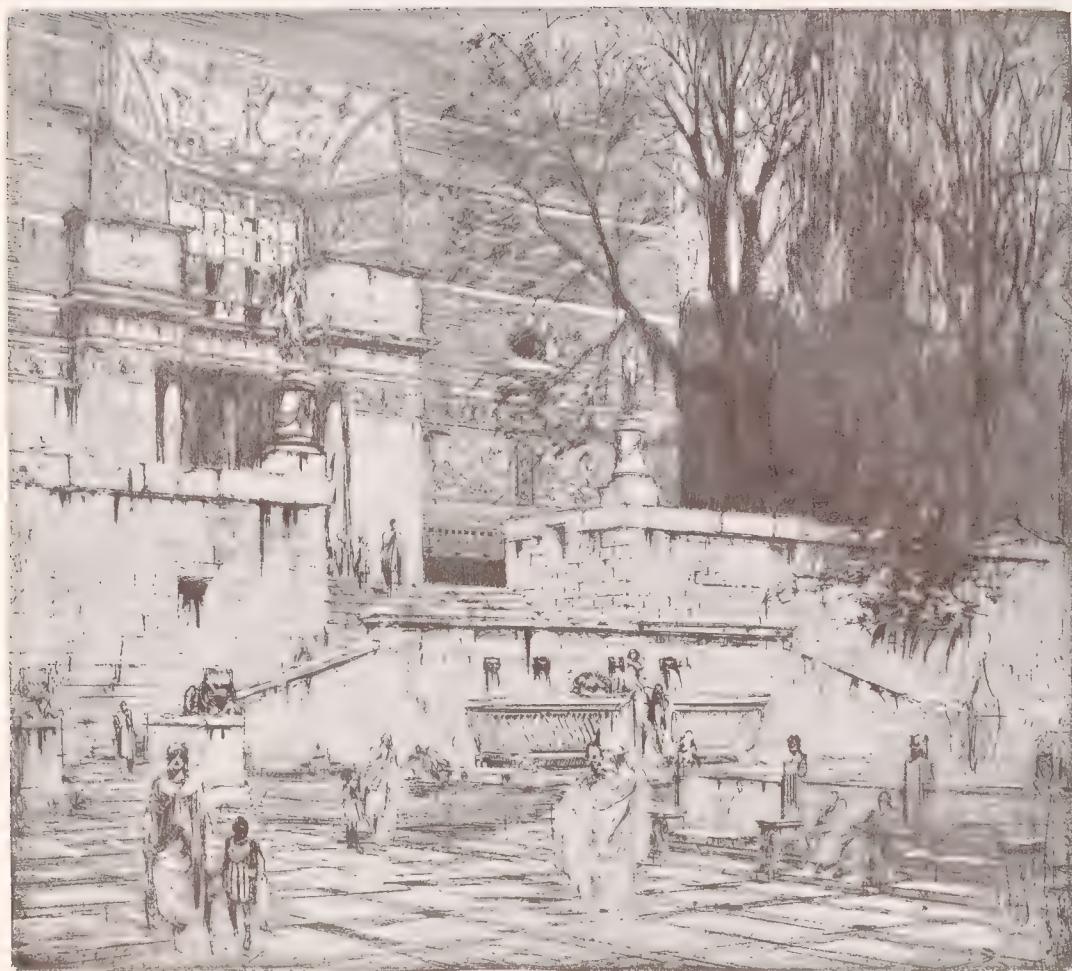
“At the House of a Patrician.”

“At the House of a Patrician.”

By MAX JUDGE.

In this etching there is no insistence on what is regarded as typical of the Roman style, but the whole composition is infused with the Roman spirit. This is living architecture, not mere ground-work for the elaboration of detail. There is no pretence at a reconstruction ; it is, instead, a creation in which are to be found more of the enduring qualities of Roman architecture than in the painstaking achievements of architectural schools who aim at preserving Roman architecture in a purely classical light. What Mr. Walcot insists so strongly upon is a Roman sense of building not to be discerned in those representative particulars which we have been accustomed to study in exhaustive detail. Go beyond what we regard as a legitimate subject for our imitation and we shall find a field which is full of direct inspiration for modern architecture, leading to the understanding of what architecture really is.

Consider one cardinal feature of such an example of Roman work as Mr. Walcot now gives us—the treatment of wall space. Such builders knew, almost instinctively we feel, how much of it to fill, how much to leave alone ; they had a sense of the appropriate, of what sufficed ; and, moreover, they did not allow themselves to be influenced by a command of great resources, by an absence of all restrictions. That bare brickwork towering above the dark trees is no confession of a lack of inventive genius ; the architect is not afraid to let his great entrance doorway stand alone—the dominating feature at the head of the terrace steps. There are for him infinite possibilities in that fine marble entrance—bronze doors, rare marble columns ; above, his love of textures has full play in the great window, with richly filled squares, giving on to the spacious balcony ; the tempera paintings on the splayed plaster soffits and reveals finally leading the eye to the restful brickwork beyond. Note, too, how well the artist has caught this feeling for different materials—the solidity of the marble, the softness of the plaster with the airy, fantastic designs on wall base and above the balcony. Then there is the stout simplicity of the terrace wall, with its two statues, and the steps leading to the great paved court, a more elaborate note being reserved for the large marble bath at the foot, the marble seats, the portrait busts, the lion-head fountains. In the movement and life permeating the whole composition there is a thread drawing together all the varied interests of a great Roman villa, and we seem to have a contemporary estimate of the significance of all these things. We are in the full daylight of one phase of Ancient Rome.



"AT THE HOUSE OF A PATRICIAN."



The Atrium
and
The Trojan Horse.

The Atrium.

This is the great hall of the "House of a Patrician." Here, amid its paintings and rich broidered hangings, groups of people await audience with the great man. Guards and officers stand at ease near one of the curtained entrances. On a table close by are wine and fruit for the family, who will sup here anon. The scene is well imagined and equally well portrayed. Note how subtly the figures are suggested. These are no stage figures posing awkwardly for the occasion; they are Romans, naturally and unconsciously taking their place in the picture. With the steady, waiting figures are contrasted others that give a peculiar sense of movement and vitality to the scene. How human is the touch imparted by the man striding rapidly across the floor, dragging with him a child who is obviously disinclined to travel at the parental pace!



THE ATRIUM

The Trojan Horse.

ÆNEAS : " Great Queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate ;
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent :
A peopled city made a desert place
All that I saw, and part of which I was :
Not even the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars to kindly rest invite.
But since you take such interest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.
" By destiny compelled, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war ;
And by Minerva's aid a fabric reared
Which like a steed of monstrous height appeared ;
The sides were planked with pine, they feigned it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide ;
With inward arms and dire machine they load
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile),
Renowned for wealth, but since a faithless bay
Where ships exposed to wind and weather lay,
There was their fleet concealed. We thought for Greece
The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, cooped within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay ;
The quarters of the several chiefs they showed
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here joined the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas raised to ruin Troy).

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

Thymætes first ('tis doubtful whether hired,
Or so the Trojan destiny required)
Moved that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames designed,
Or to the watery deep ; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore :
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoön, followed by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried from far aloud :
' O wretched countrymen, what fury reigns,
What more than madness has possessed your brains ?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone ?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known ?
This hollow fabric either must enclose
Within its blind recess, our secret foes ;
Or 'tis an engine, raised above the town,
To o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure designed, by fraud or force ;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierced, return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks enclosed come issuing through the wound.
And had not heaven the fall of Troy designed,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done to inspire a better mind ;
Then had our lances pierced the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood."

VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*

(Dryden's Translation).



THE TROJAN HORSE

A Tragedy by Sophocles.

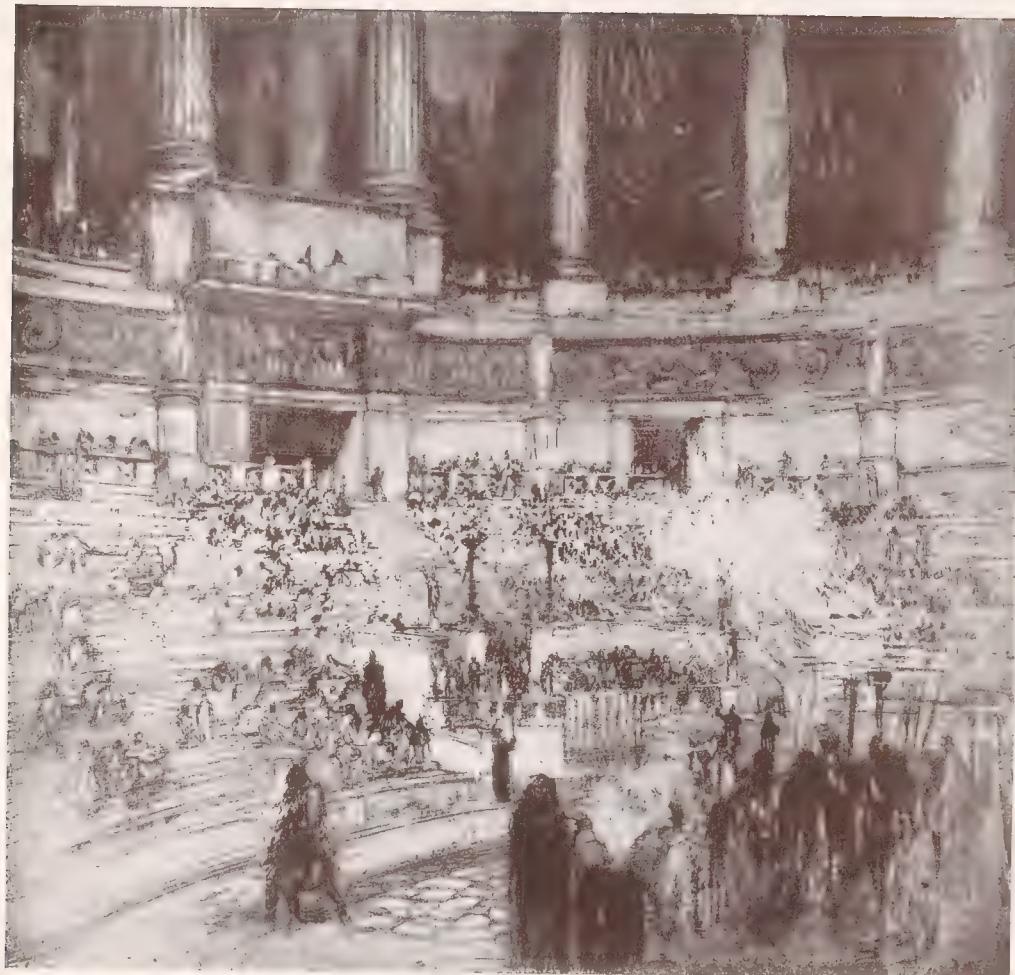
A Tragedy by Sophocles.

By MARIUS IVOR.

This etching shows us the interior of the theatre embraced by the scheme of an imperial villa—a composite scheme of great projects essentially Roman both in its conception and in the scale on which it was carried out, and of which there is so much evidence in the remains scattering the hills around Rome. The composition is not an actual reconstruction of any of those remains. At the same time, nothing could be more exact than the geometrical substructure, we might call it, faithfully projected from the necessary preliminary drawings, which groundwork is responsible for the feeling of actuality and conviction in the final representation.

In the imperial villa every feature of Roman life was reflected, set in a scheme of landscape gardening which largely determined the play of architectural fancy developed; such a retreat would seem to have been the outcome of a desire for retirement for wearied greatness that could not at the same time give up its complex machinery of recreation. Perhaps the greatest example of all, Hadrian's villa, dates from his later years, and is only to be understood as an epitome of the career of this far-travelled emperor. In these villas there was a personal note of individual proclivities distinct from the grand schemes of the capital for maintaining the imperial popularity: even though it reflect too clearly the extreme luxury and boundless wealth of insatiable rulers, dilettantism in its finer sense.

Grounds and buildings were adorned with the finest works of art that could be procured from Greece—now the principal treasures of the world's museums—and the possession of which is one of the greatest debts we owe to the Roman Emperors, the first great art collectors. Here, too, we find Greek architects carrying out the finest Roman ideas, some expression of which is to be seen in the garlanded columns standing relieved against the terrace gardens, framing a scene which to the Roman connoisseur would be essentially Greek. For the theatre of the villa was distinctly a Greek, not a Roman, theatre, both in design and procedure, the chorus occupying the orchestra, as at Athens, whence would come the antique statues surrounding the *praecinctio*. But the artist does not forget to call us back to Rome by the central group of his composition, where the Emperor and his suite listen to Sophocles, with that imperial pomp never quite eliminated from even the most refined phases of Roman life. Here is indeed a refined atmosphere that was not to be encountered in any public show of the period, revealing, behind the worst features of those times, something of the really great spirit of the Roman character.



A TRAGEDY BY SOPHOCLES, PERFORMED BEFORE THE EMPEROR HADRIAN

Antony in Egypt.

Antony in Egypt.

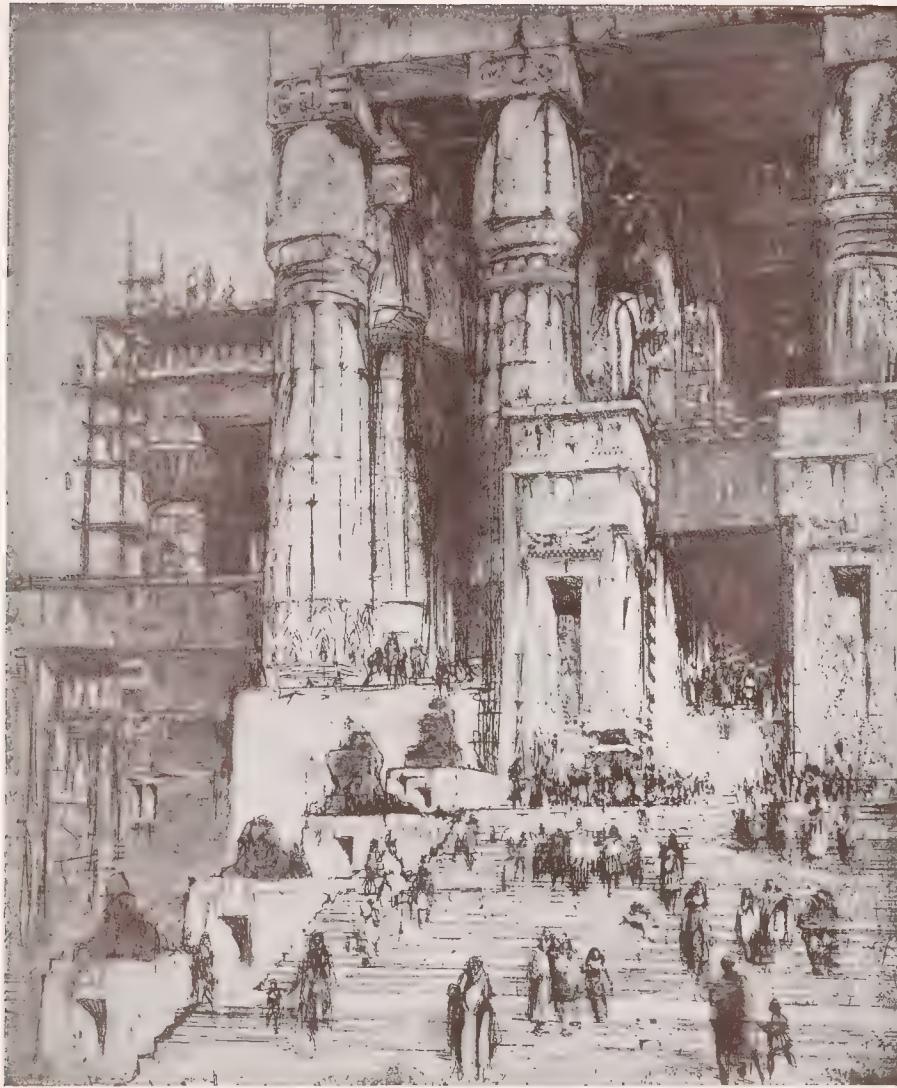
Rome was never particularly happy in Egypt, which is quite enough to explain the striking failure of the Roman occupation to leave those indelible marks which we find throughout the rest of the Empire, and to such a degree in North Africa. It was always rather its mystery that appealed to Rome, and we must remember that it did not become a Roman province until after Antony's death. To such a man as Antony, imbued with an inordinate love of the East, Egypt was essentially a spectacle in which he could play the leading part, and indulge to the full in that strange passion for posing which he allowed to undermine his finer character. All the Eastern provinces of the "Empire of the world" were his, and he regarded them as so many *mise-en-scènes* for his caprice and indulgencies. We know from Plutarch that he had long affected the Asiatic way of speaking, and if in Greece he affected the rôle of "lover of Athens," and in Asia masqueraded as "Bacchus the gracious and the gentle," in Egypt he naturally became Osiris. Here he forgot Rome utterly, and, declared a public enemy there, he endeared himself to the Alexandrines :

"Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space."

In Antony we see the strange power of the East to vitiate man's better wisdom, and ever at that dawn of Empire we can see him in the seeds of that ultimate degeneracy in which the Roman spirit was destined to be involved—the slow beginnings of the undoing of Rome.

The very title of this composition is enough, by its succinct simplicity, to suggest the essence of that dramatic conflict between Tiber and Nile which that fatal meeting with Cleopatra at Tarsus engendered, and points to the artist's desire not so much to give us Rome, as to embody those strangely mixed elements which could lead so great a Roman as Antony to forgo his greatness, until in his last moments his refusal to see himself then as other than

"A Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquish'd"
showed him once more a Roman at heart.



ANTONY IN EGYPT.

The Wonder of Babylon.

The Wonder of Babylon.

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.—*Wordsworth.*

“ Her career was equally short and splendid ; and although she has thus perished from the face of the earth, her ruins are still classic, indeed sacred, ground. The traveller visits, with no common emotion, those shapeless heaps, the scene of so many great and solemn events. In this plain, according to tradition, the primitive families of our race first found a resting-place. Here Nebuchadnezzar boasted of the glories of his city, and was punished for his pride. To these deserted halls were brought the captives of Judæa. In them Daniel, undazzled by the glories around him, remained steadfast to his faith, rose to be a governor amongst his rulers, and prophesied the downfall of the kingdom. There was held Belshazzar’s feast, and was seen the writing upon the wall. Between those crumbling mounds Cyrus entered the neglected gates. Those massive ruins cover the spot where Alexander died.” Thus wrote the late Sir Henry Austen Layard of Babylon, of whose former magnificence nothing now remains but a collection of rubbish heaps—a tumbled debris of slag, bricks, and broken pottery.

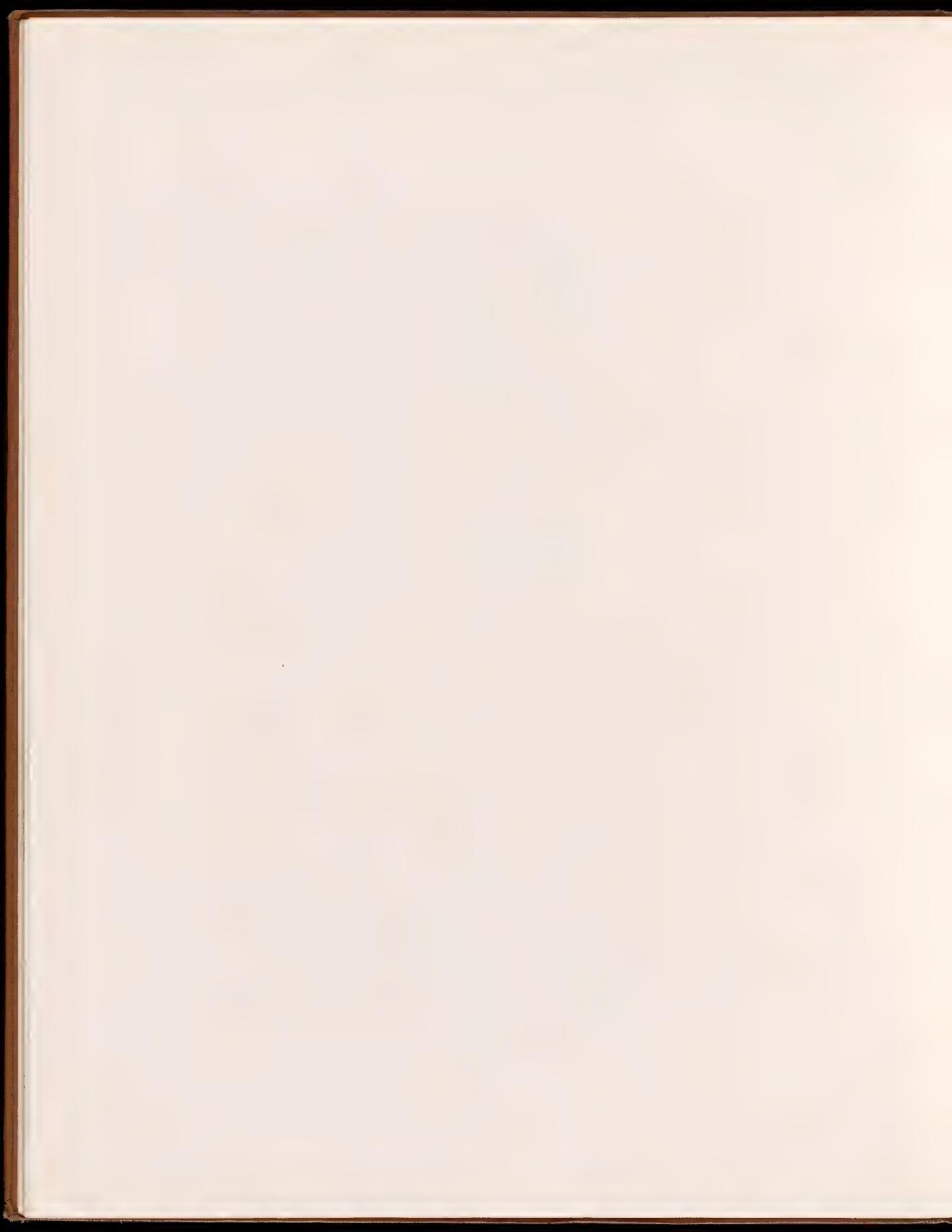
The date of the foundation of Babylon has never been exactly determined ; but first mention of the city, so far as research has yet disclosed, is made on a tablet of 3800 B.C. Little is known of its history, however, until about 2250, when it became the capital of Babylon and the holy city of Western Asia. Under Nebuchadnezzar, who reigned from 604 to 561, the bounds of the city were widely extended and buildings of extraordinary size and magnificence were erected. It was the great metropolis that now arose which was described by the Greek writers, and whose vast ruins have astonished travellers through all the intervening ages.

The palaces and temples of Babylon were erected, like those of Nineveh, on lofty platforms of brickwork ; and the most notable feature of their external design was the receding story, which gave opportunities for dramatic and imposing compositions. In the heyday of Babylonian prosperity these stupendous buildings rising from the level plain tier upon tier, and glowing with rich and varied colours, must have presented a spectacle of extraordinary beauty and impressiveness.

Mr. Walcot gives us a fine imaginative conception of ancient Babylon. We see the low-lying plain with its motley assemblages of humble dwellings set amid palm and cypress trees, the great public highway running to the foot of wide flights of steps which, flanked by enormous winged bulls, lead up to the towering battered walls of the palace, these rising sheer from their great platform and piling higher and higher in diminishing stages. In the middle distance we catch a view of the wide Euphrates, spanned by its bridge, while, beyond, the western part of the city merges into the distant plain, minute and indistinct. Some such wonder-city as this must have been that ancient Babylon which excited the amazement of those early travellers through Western Asia.



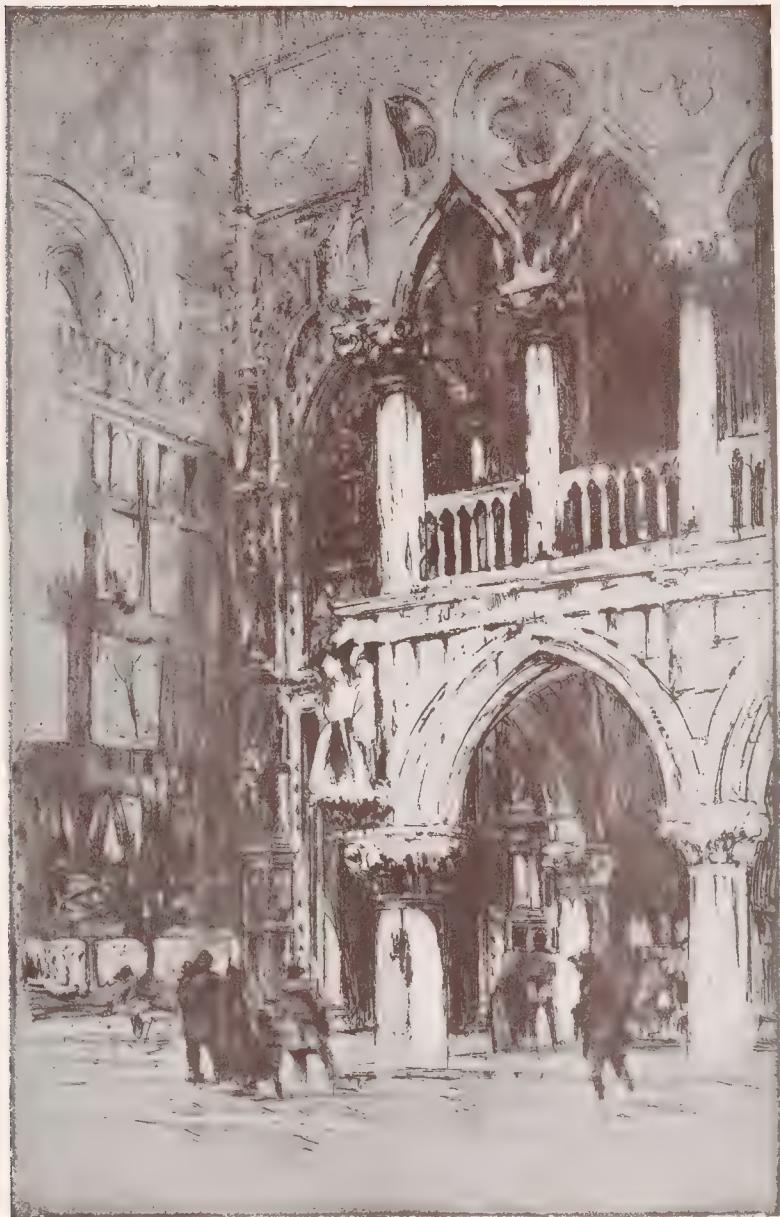
BABYLON



The Doge's Palace, Venice.

The Doge's Palace, Venice.

The Doge's Palace, though it may not be a "model of all perfection," as Ruskin rather extravagantly described it, belongs without question, so far as the southern façade is concerned, to the "noblest period of Venetian Gothic"—namely, the fourteenth century. The whole façade, while it may not be literally "a magnificent arrangement of all that is in building most dignified and fair," is an extremely fine composition, with its double open arcade supporting an immense superimposed expanse of flat surface relieved by great traceried windows. Mr. Walcot's etching is an impressionistic study of a detail of the open arcades—the lower with its stumpy columns and heavy foliated capitals, the upper with its balconies, double columnation, and circles of quatrefoils above. The contrast in light and shade may be a little exaggerated, but the arcades gain a vital significance by standing out so boldly against their background of heavy shadow.

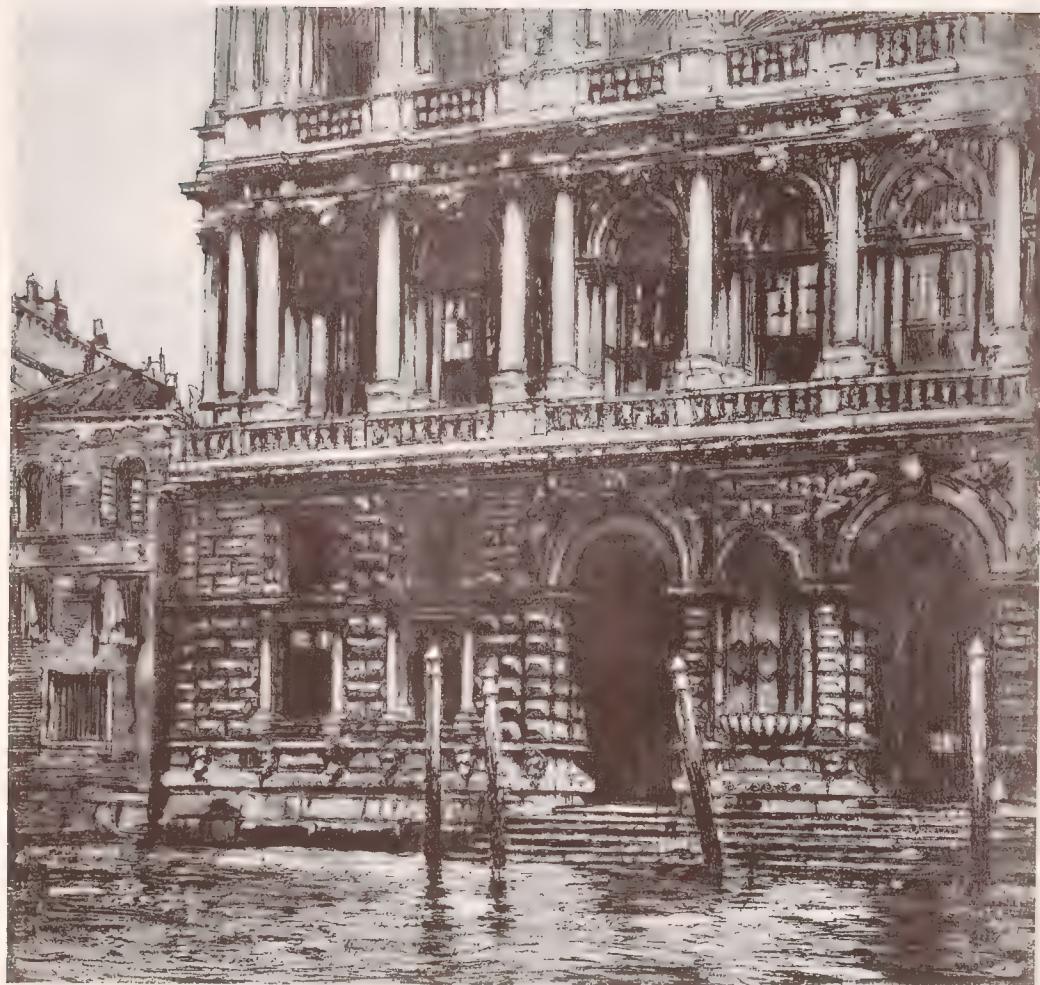


THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.

The Palazzo Pessaro.

The Palazzo Pessaro.

Here we have a vigorous rendering of a familiar though perennially attractive subject. Though, like most of the other palaces designed by Longhena, the Palazzo Pessaro falls short in architectural effect of his S. Maria della Salute, it is a composition of peculiar merit, and one whose heavy shadows and high lights offer attractive possibilities to the etcher. Here Mr. Walcot is obviously as much concerned with his medium as with his subject.



THE PALAZZO PESSARO, VENICE

Art and the Antique.

By MARIUS IVOR.

Of the beginnings of Republican Rome we know comparatively little ; of the last phase of Imperial Athens we know much ; but in each case a definite vision has been realised. The artist shows us the Acropolis about the time of Hadrian under whom came the last great impulse to the twilight of a still supreme Athens. We are confronted once more with that crowded little mountain-top that underwent little material change from the days of Pericles to the time of Augustus, and are reminded that the Roman Emperors did not hesitate to implant their own genius among the glorious achievements of the Hellenic age. Not content with Rome, their sense of building was not to be denied in that very city whence they derived so great a fund of inspiration. So we find Hadrian actually completing the great temple of Olympian Zeus, begun centuries earlier by Peisistratus, and feel that any but a Roman would have respected that long repose.

To the Acropolis itself Hadrian probably added little. The great marble stair to the Propylæa and the paved wheel-way up to the top were the work of the Cæsars, and these Roman touches do not affect the mountain-like serenity of the great statue of Athene Promachus and the two temples that represent the finest achievements of Greek art—the flower of the antique world : the Parthenon and the Erechtheion. No ! the imperial power of Rome could never succeed in quenching the essential glory of Greece that burst forth from the Acropolis like a pale flame.

If Rome does not signify in Athens, neither is it so much Rome as something which antedates Rome that claims us in the etching of an Etruscan temple. The artist insists, not on what we know, but on what we do not know. For of the real beginnings of Roman architecture we know very



VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS, SOON AFTER ITS RESTORATION BY AGRIPPA OR HADRIAN.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

little, because none of the buildings of early Republican Rome have been handed down to us. What we do know of Roman architecture is essentially that of Imperial Rome, which leaves a great deal of which there are no monuments remaining unexplained. Thus, of the Tuscan order recognised by Vitruvius there is no ancient example, and the link between the earliest Roman buildings and actual Etruscan models or prototypes is one of the most interesting and difficult problems of architecture. All the more, therefore, should we welcome an artist's interpretation of the great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, built by the last of the Etruscan kings, and consecrated in 509 B.C., the first year of the Republic. Its site, the Capitoline, was the most significant of the hills of Rome, and the temple the most sacred shrine of the ancient city. Here the Roman triumphs culminated. Burnt down and restored three times, the original Etruscan temple ultimately became invested with a full imperial splendour, which we must not forget to discount if we would realise the original structure. The temple was preserved down to A.D. 455. It gradually disappeared in the Middle Ages, its site being now marked by the Caffarelli palace. In both these compositions the past in its maturity is seen under the spell cast by the full daylight of antiquity. Both seem to insist on the identity of past and present. The artist, faithful to an inspiration, never the slave of *data*, has not been afraid to commit himself.



RESTORATION OF ONE OF THE FIRST TEMPLES OF JUPITER CAPITOLINUS, ROME.

“Aux Défenseurs de Verdun.”

“Aux Défenseurs de Verdun.”

This etching was limned by Mr. Walcot as a tribute to the superb French armies that defended Verdun against the assaults of the Germans. As the acknowledgment signifies, in subject it is based on the great Lion by Bartholdi, which is hewn out of the solid rock at the base of the Chateau at Belfort ; but Mr. Walcot in his etching has given it a fresh individual character, in the achievement of which he sought direct inspiration from a prolonged study of the lions in captivity at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. As in Bartholdi's work, the great beast is represented in a defiant attitude, half crouching, half resting upon his fore paws ; but in this etched rendering of him he has been given what may be called a distinctively British look, and it is the more appropriate therefore that Mr. Walcot should have included on his plate the words spoken by Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall in November, 1914. The lion embodies the spirit of indomitable power, both for resistance and attack, and stands outlined as a massive majestic figure against a bursting sky, suggestive of the dawn of a new and glorious era.



Aux Défenseurs de Verdun. Aucun Défenseur du Petit Etat.
Ne chieut pas dans le bord until Belgian readers all are done with all, we
have parity, until France is represented, nevered against the Monroe
Principle, until you notice of the smaller nations are placed on an ungratifiable foundation
until the military dominions of Prussia are destroyed.

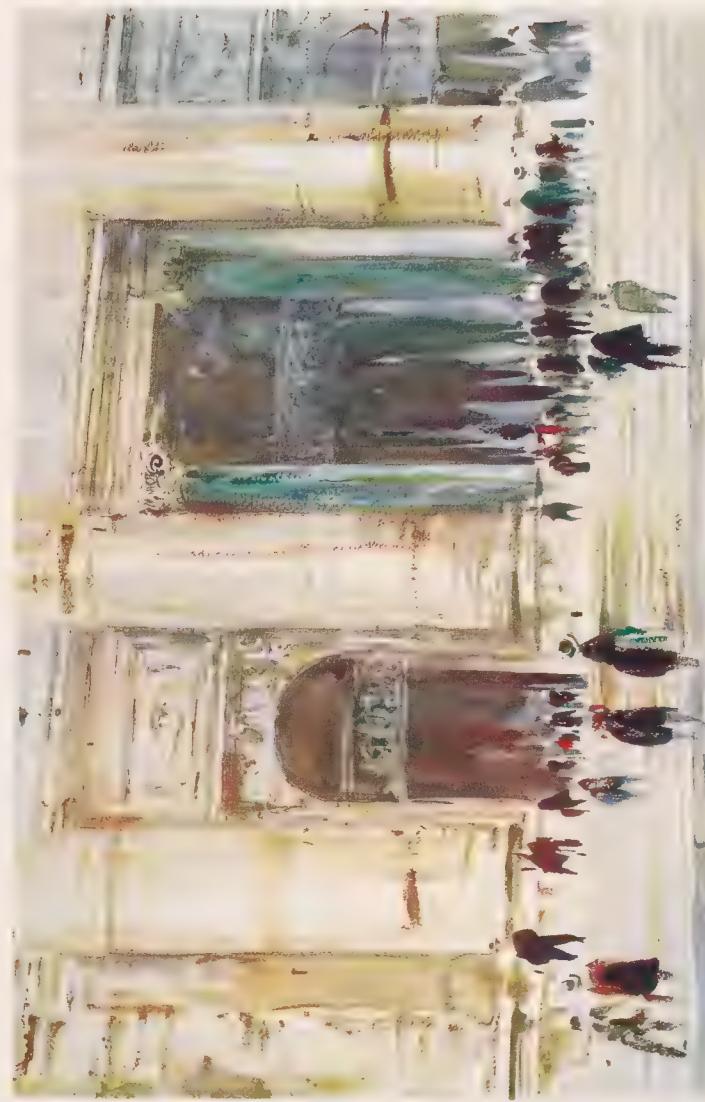
"AUX DEFENSEURS DE VERDUN."



ARC DE TRIOMPHE PARIS.

Architectural Water Colours
with an Appreciation by
W. G. Newton, M.A.





ST. PETER'S ROME.

The Water Colours.

By W. G. NEWTON, M.A.

It is a high adventure to paint in water-colour. There with the virgin paper before you, the colours glowing on the palette, your brush in your mouth (and your heart too perhaps), you sit upon the edge of things and experience a delicious thrill, wondering if you dare begin :

“ High expectation, high delights and deeds

Thy fluttering heart with hope and terror move.”

For, make no mistake about it, when once you've begun there must be no hesitation, no reconsideration. The prudent painter in oils may amble as gently as he will : if he stumble, 'tis no matter. He has a whole artillery of cures to his hand, and with palette-knife or Chinese-white or turpentine may heal his hurt and no one a penny the wiser. But your water-colourist must go about his work in a fury. Sheer under a brush full of blue goes on his sky, sharp under it gleam the little edges of sunshine where the paper is left untouched (and it takes a master's firm precision, this nice correlation of the tumultuous and the delicate—riding a plunging horse with one hand, stroking a kitten with the other), quickly with great strokes are built the warmth and wonder of the shadows. And all these colour masses are wet. For you will not put on your paint dry, I beg. To do that is to miss the glory of the whole business—eye and hand and mind all in vivid harmony and haste, as a juggler with twenty oranges (if it be lawful to jest at such an hour), while sunlight and wind and moving figures are giving just their own moments and character to the scene, and each colour mass is conspiring to commingle with the enemy when your back is turned (which it never must be), and a crowd of small students breathes earnestly down your neck. The timid hand and the dry brush can never hope for any crown : they may win the meagre satisfaction which comes from escaping disaster. But they were never near it, they had not dared far enough ; they have but played the triangle in the great orchestra. For there will be disasters : with a crash the oranges fall, the colours run together, the sunset flows into the sea and

“ makes the green one red,”

and all your hopes are quenched. But even so it is to fail gloriously, “ foaming in full body over a precipice,” and with better grace than “ miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas.” And there is always the possibility of a triumphant finish. You have staked all and lost, but one day you will perhaps—not win, but get your money back. Indeed, sometimes, as you watch the colours lying down in ordered brilliance on the wet paper, and gleaming and intermingling just as much as you had meant them to, you may almost catch a glimpse of victory. And, when all's said, it's a jolly adventure.

And Mr. Walcot is a master-adventurer. Those conspiring masses of colour have no terrors for him : he knows how to deal with them. But though their discipline is perfect, they are by no means cowed : they are as fresh and bonny and tumultuous as ever they were. Look at the sketch of the Palazzo Pandolfini (page 117). What an impetuous surge of sky—you can almost hear it coming. But it is checked against the cornice and led away with a master's hand to die among the cypresses at the end of the street. Not only has he the vigour and liveliness of his colour-masses to master : their scale too is large : Mr. Walcot's oranges are pine-apples. It needs a generous mind and a big grasp to lay out colour on the palette so lavishly, nor think or half-think “ There goes a crown's worth of ultramarine ! ” ; for once let calculation in at the door, and the spirit of adventure flies out of the window. It is a part of that zest for what is large and open and vigorous which is perhaps our heritage from the Romans. Greek art was craftsmanship, Egyptian a monu-

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

ment to the power of priest and king and confined to one river-valley. It was the Romans who stretched arched water-ways across Europe, and a Roman emperor (a madman I grant you) who thought of building a bridge across the Straits of Dover; and a little of this was handed down to the Italians in Michael Angelo and Bernini, and is summarised for us too in Andrea del Sarto's sigh for

“ In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo and me
To cover—”

Mr. Walcot's water-colours are frankly sketches, the hasty pinning down of an impression, an aspect, the particular “ feel ” of a moment in the day of some great building. But from the point of view of colour, of actual size, of composition, of handling, of the buildings chosen and the grouping of them, they share the largeness of the great masters.

It is a pity we cannot have all the sketches reproduced in colour and their full size in the book. The bold attack with great brushes full of tint upon three or four hundred square inches of paper is part of the heroism of the matter. We lose, too, in a monochrome reproduction that exciting marriage of blues and yellow-browns in the shadows of the “ Fountain in Florence ” (page 107), the contrast of the milky blues of Paris and the burning blues of Italy (pages 127 and 117), the glowing rightness of the dark spaces. For to be able to see the colour of the darks and put them on paper is surely more than half the battle. The main washes come almost of themselves if the darks are right. And Mr. Walcot is a master of his darks, so bold and sure are they, so gloomy and withal so gleaming. His swift study of Bernini's Colonnade, where the van is dwarfed to a wheel-barrow by the massive columns, the rugged hide of the masonry, the glimmers of light in the dusk beyond, must be seen in the original to have its full effect.

Where we have the reproductions in colour, their value is thus made double for us; to their own effect is added their help in interpreting the monochrome. The great doorway of St. Peter's (page 100), with the sweep of its liquid down strokes and hurried dry browns drawn across, echoes Bernini's Colonnade; there is the same sheer cliff of building, the same texture of time “ by the many hundreds years red-rusted ” on the stones. We can see what Mr. Walcot means by the misty blue of shadows in the “ Chiesa di Si Pietro, Toscanella ” (page 111) with its green door and veiled mother passing by, and all the warm and ancient mystery of the Romanesque. We can see the mingling of milky blues and weathered yellows on the face of the palace beyond the water-pool in the “ Fountain in Florence ” (page 107). And all his swiftness of handling and bold right colour is shown in the sketch of Sta. Maria del Fiore, with the green cart and the dreaming mules. I like the red fly-cloth (Cape-Gooseberry colour), and admire the sureness with which the wet mass of colour is controlled, to slip orderly into their spindle legs. And there is a gleam about it all. There was a shower over-night.

It might be expected that a method of sketching so swift, so broadcast as it were, and a delight in composition where either the vertical or the horizontal is so strongly emphasised—the cliff of St. Peter's, the pier of the Lanzi Loggia, the steep corner of the Villa Pandolfini, the busy flatness of the Alexander Bridge—would result in a general effect of restlessness. Hurry and movement there certainly is. Figures go by almost carelessly as though they didn't want to be in the picture at all (for example, the woman with the hat in the Museo Sta. Maria (page 115)). One of the great bronze figures of the Florence Fountain is half out of the frame already (like the Scots ancestors in the whisky advertisement); and the bustle of Paris hurries across the Seine, blurred figures, frail rocking wagons, lethal taxi-cabs, with never a glance at the artist. But he seems to manage all

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

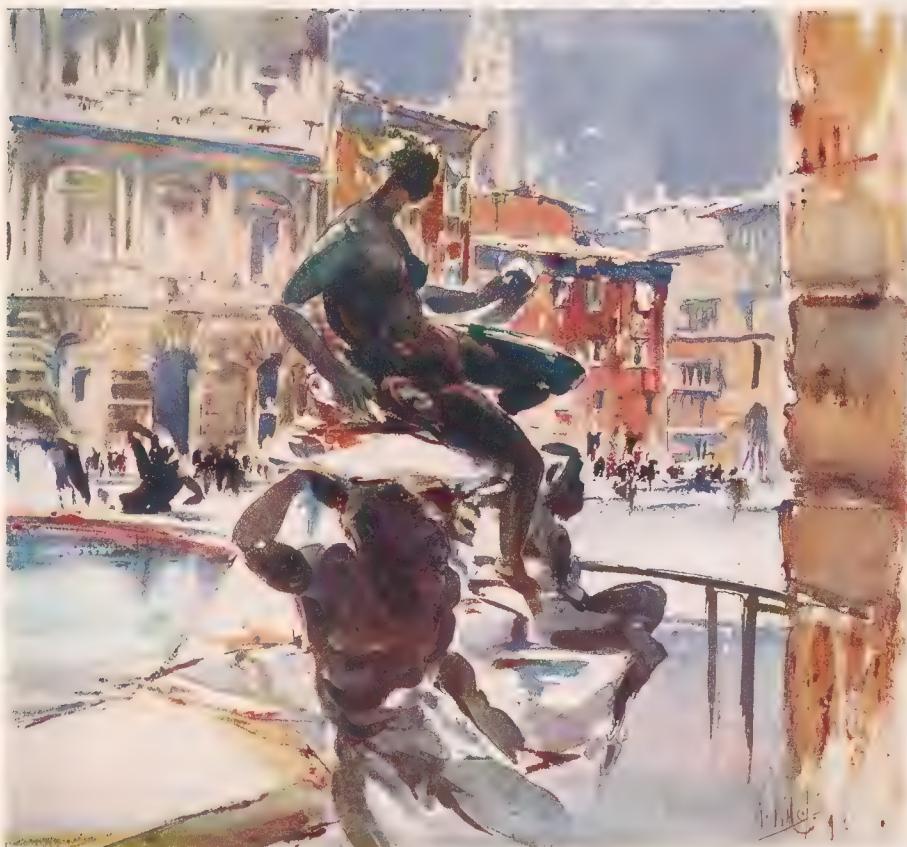
this tumult and subordinate it to his own ends. Paris hurries, but the bridge is wide and its pylons are firm against the drifting clouds. The little stutter of vertical lines where the worshippers are coming out of St. Peter's but adds to the sense of calm aloofness of that sheer cliff. For his buildings have a grip on the ground. Take the "Loggia degli Lanze" (page 123), with the soaring masses of the Loggia Piers, the straight corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, the over-hatted façade of the Uffizi behind ; all want to go upward, but they seem to be tied by the horizontal line of the Loggia pavement, with its suggestion of a crowd of things on it, and the grouping of the darks like an anchor in the middle. The wet sweep of the street gives even Bernini's Colonnade (page 109) enough to stand on. The cabs, the idlers, the discreet brougham move on an earth every whit as solid as the buildings reared upon it. From the point of view of composition it is not foreground but plinth, base, foundation.

And through it all there is more than sureness of brushwork, mastery of composition. You may have both these without the instinct for catching the magic of a moment and fixing it like some rare butterfly (yet no dead brittleness of body or wing but almost fluttering and breathing still) on your paper. Mr. Walcot has this instinct. His buildings are given to us as part of the life of the cities where they are built. There is about them the aroma of a particular hour and a particular place. It is an elusive quality, not merely a matter of colour and figures. The original drawings, in varying degrees, give this impression unmistakably. If poetry be, as has been said, "emotion remembered in tranquillity," the stuff of it is here. Once again we are awed by the majesty of Rome, and about us is an odour of damp plaster and roasting coffee and sewers, and the Romans are small figures fluttering unimportantly ; murky corners of London seem to wink at us mysteriously—smoke stained walls in the winter sunlight, hinting at I know not what of things they have seen under the veil of the fog, memories that yet cling about their weathered brows ; limber Florentine mornings woo us again with running of water and gleam of lights reflected under cornices and bronze figures.

These are but sketches, the work of one headlong impulse, a burst of morning song ; yet, like the song that Pippa sang on her holiday, they weave a mystery and can summon spirits.



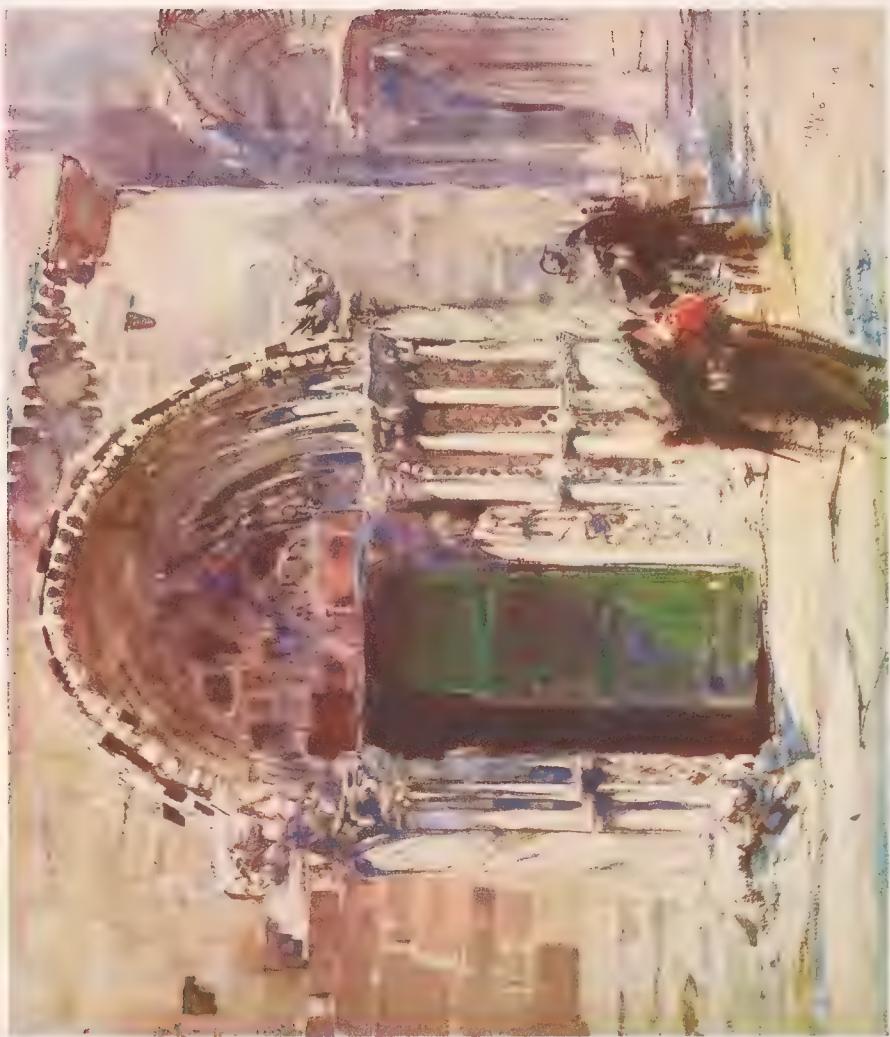
THE HECATOMPEDON.



FOUNTAIN IN FLORENCE.



BERNINI'S COLONNADE, VATICAN, ROME



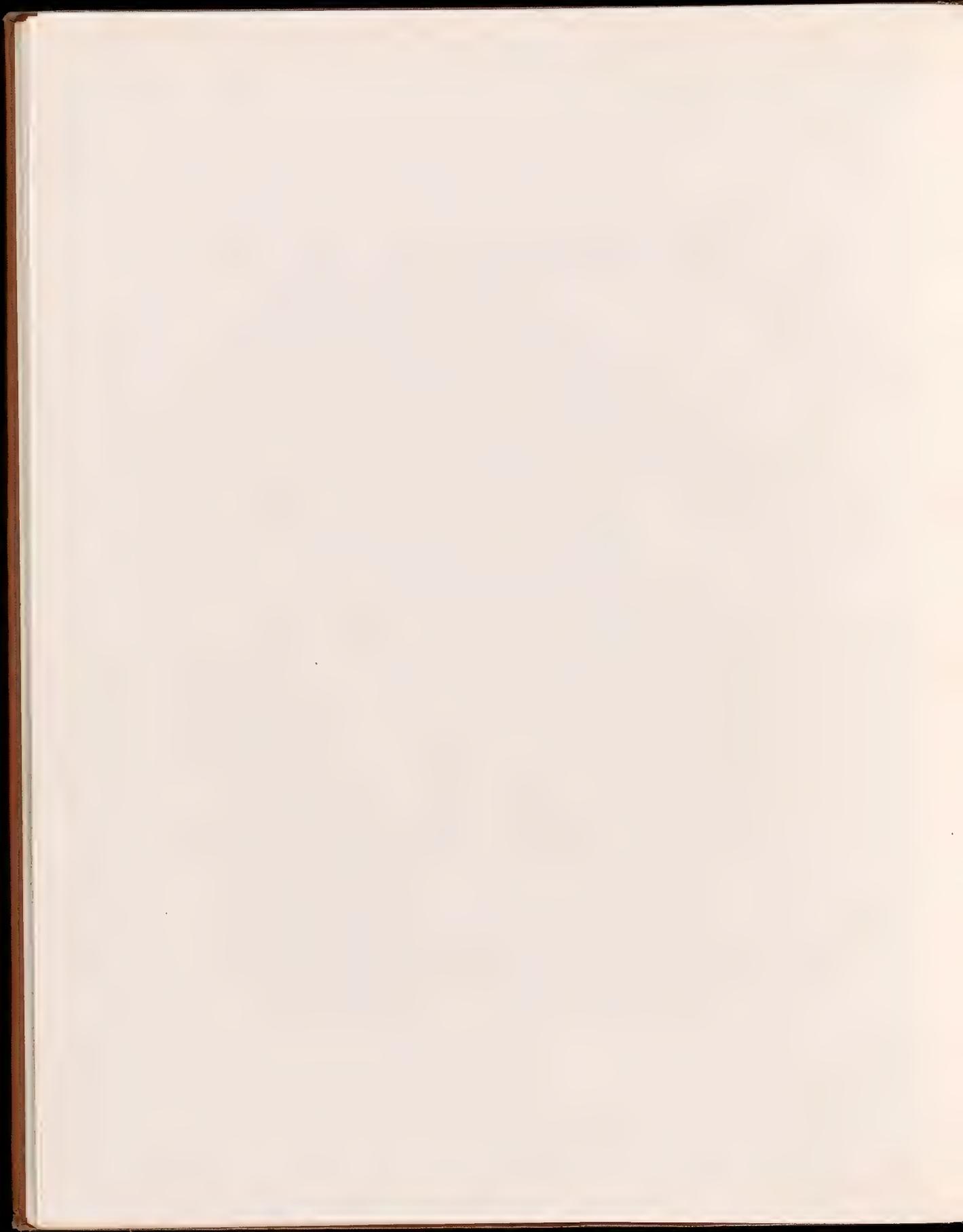
CHIESA DI SAN PIETRO, TOSCANELLA, NEAR VITERBO.



ST. PETER'S, ROME.



MUSEO STA. MARIA DEGLI FIORE FLORENCE





PALAZZO PANDOLFINI, FLORENCE.



STA MARIA DEGLI FIORE FLORENCE.



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE



LOGGIA DEGLI LANZE, FLORENCE



PALAIS DE JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

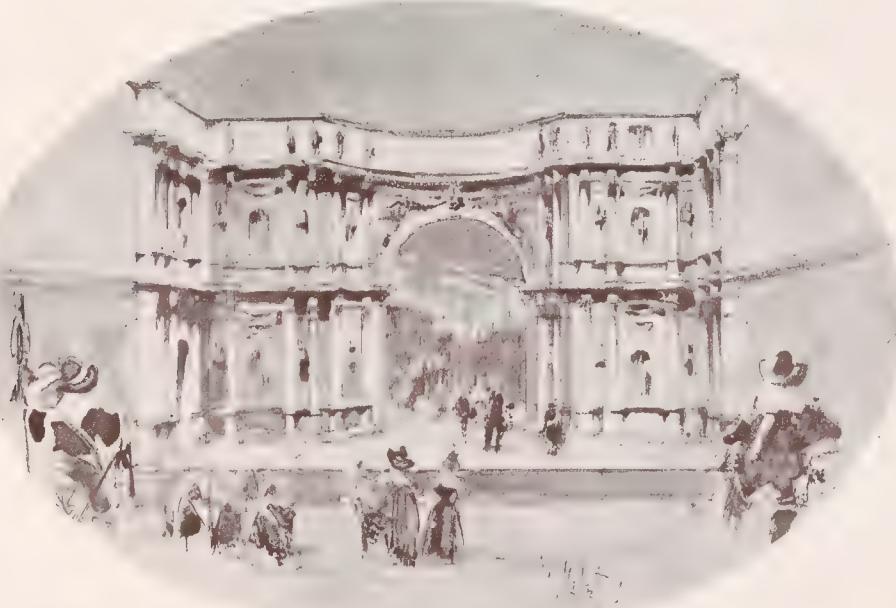


PONT ALEXANDRE III., PARIS

A Theatre Project by Inigo Jones.

By W. GRANT KEITH.

The design by Inigo Jones forming the subject of this drawing is of unusual interest in that it is the earliest example of an English theatre design developed from the Classic model. The original drawings which gave the material for Mr. Walcot's water colour are to be found in the copy of "Palladio" which Inigo Jones had with him on his second visit to Italy in 1614. On this visit, Palladio's theatre in Vicenza was an important object of his study, and its influence over his own design must be admitted. Inigo Jones certainly made full use of the material collected by Palladio in his investigation of the Roman theatre, but took it merely as a base upon which to fashion a theatre adapted to the stage requirements of his own time. Apart from the divergence in plan owing to the accident of site, and the fact that it is a roofed structure, in designing the Teatro Olimpico, Palladio's purpose was to make a reconstruction in little of a theatre of the Roman type. This is most clearly evidenced in his original study for the stage. And it is in the stage of Inigo Jones's theatre that we see his radical departure from the Classical precedent closely followed by Palladio. In place of the three doors in the main *scena* wall, invariable features of its Classic prototype, we find a single arched opening of large scale corresponding to the "proscenium" opening of the modern stage, and it is particularly in this revolutionary feature that the originality of the present design is apparent. Given an opening of such scale this modified Classic stage at



A THEATRE PROJECT BY INIGO JONES.

ARCHITECTURAL WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.

once met the needs of the modern system of stage scenery introduced into England by Inigo Jones and carried by him to such a high pitch of development.

In this preliminary study Inigo Jones concentrated his attention on the stage, represented in a careful sketch elevation ; and he shows in particular where his interest lay by sketching within the "proscenium" opening a set of scenery in position. The theatre itself is planned to fit an incompletely defined rectangular site, but there is no more than outline plan to show the proposed treatment of the auditorium. This forms almost a square on plan, and, so far as the conditions permitted, he follows the Classic model, the tiers of seating rising from a semi-circular "orchestra" set below the stage level, recalling the arrangement of the wooden theatre built by Serlio in Vicenza.

Mr. Walcot has most skilfully interpreted Inigo Jones's intention, and we realise more completely through the medium of his drawing the fine qualities of this little theatre, showing what an admirable setting it would have formed for the theatrical productions for which the Court of Charles I. was so famous. [The accompanying reproduction is shown by courtesy of the "Burlington."]

The Baths of Constantine.

This very interesting restoration was inspired by that of Charles Cameron, an English architect who practised in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who published in 1772 his "Baths of the Romans, explained and illustrated with the Restorations of Palladio corrected and improved." Mr. Walcot's restoration, therefore, is a third interpretation.

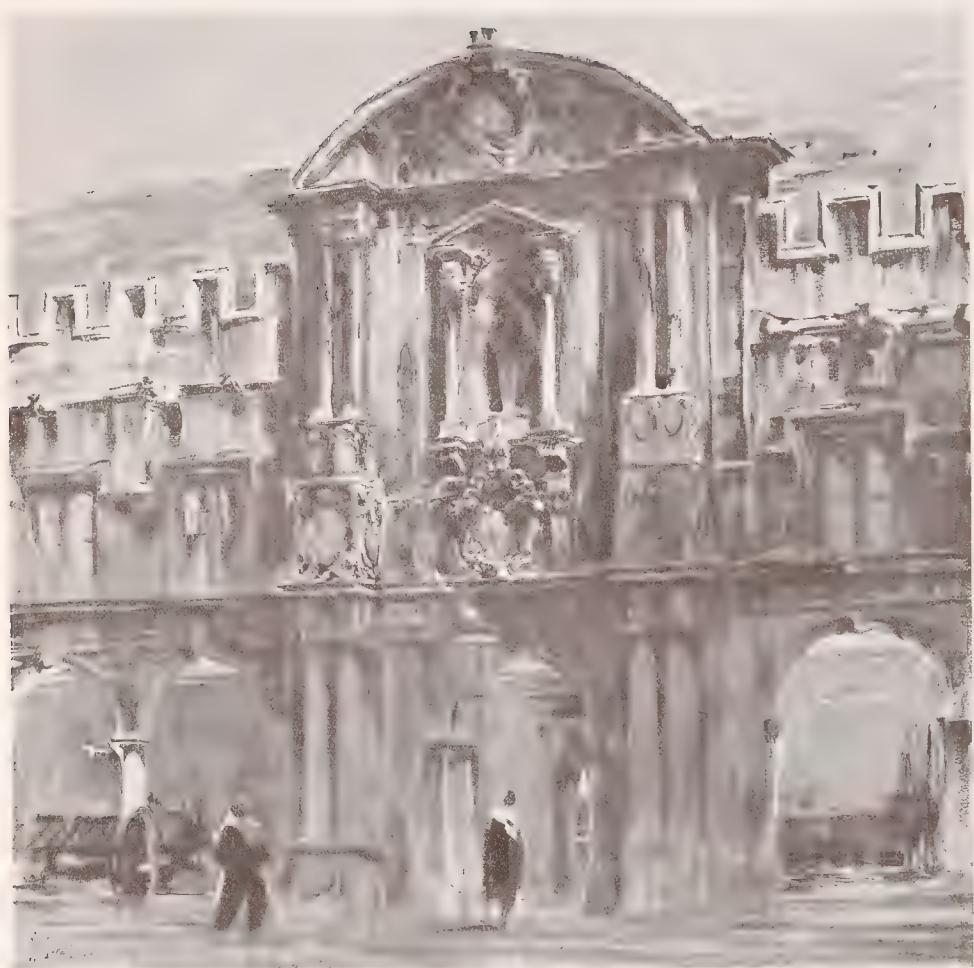


A RESTORATION OF THE BATHS OF CONSTANTINE

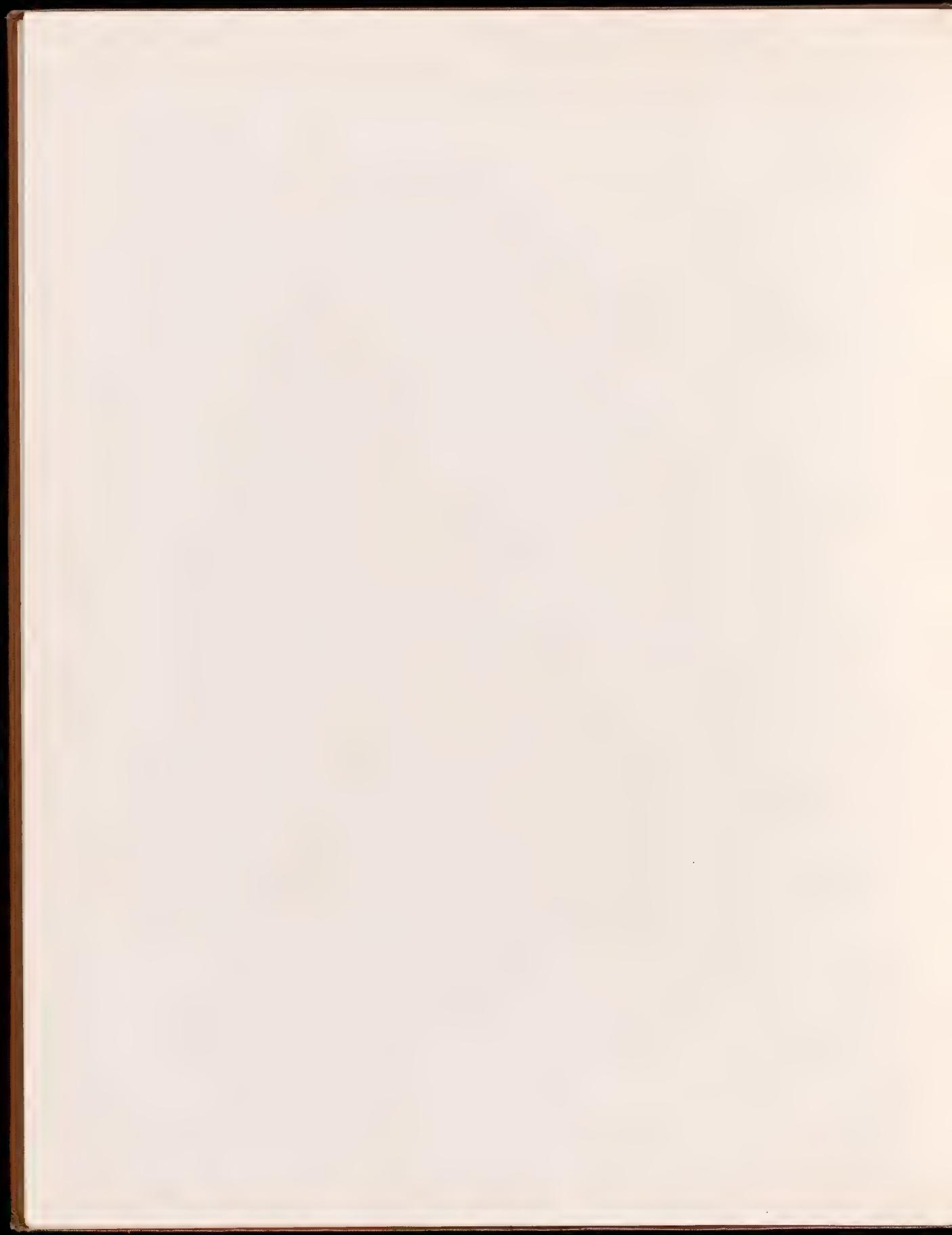


ST. PAUL'S—NORTH-WEST CORNER.



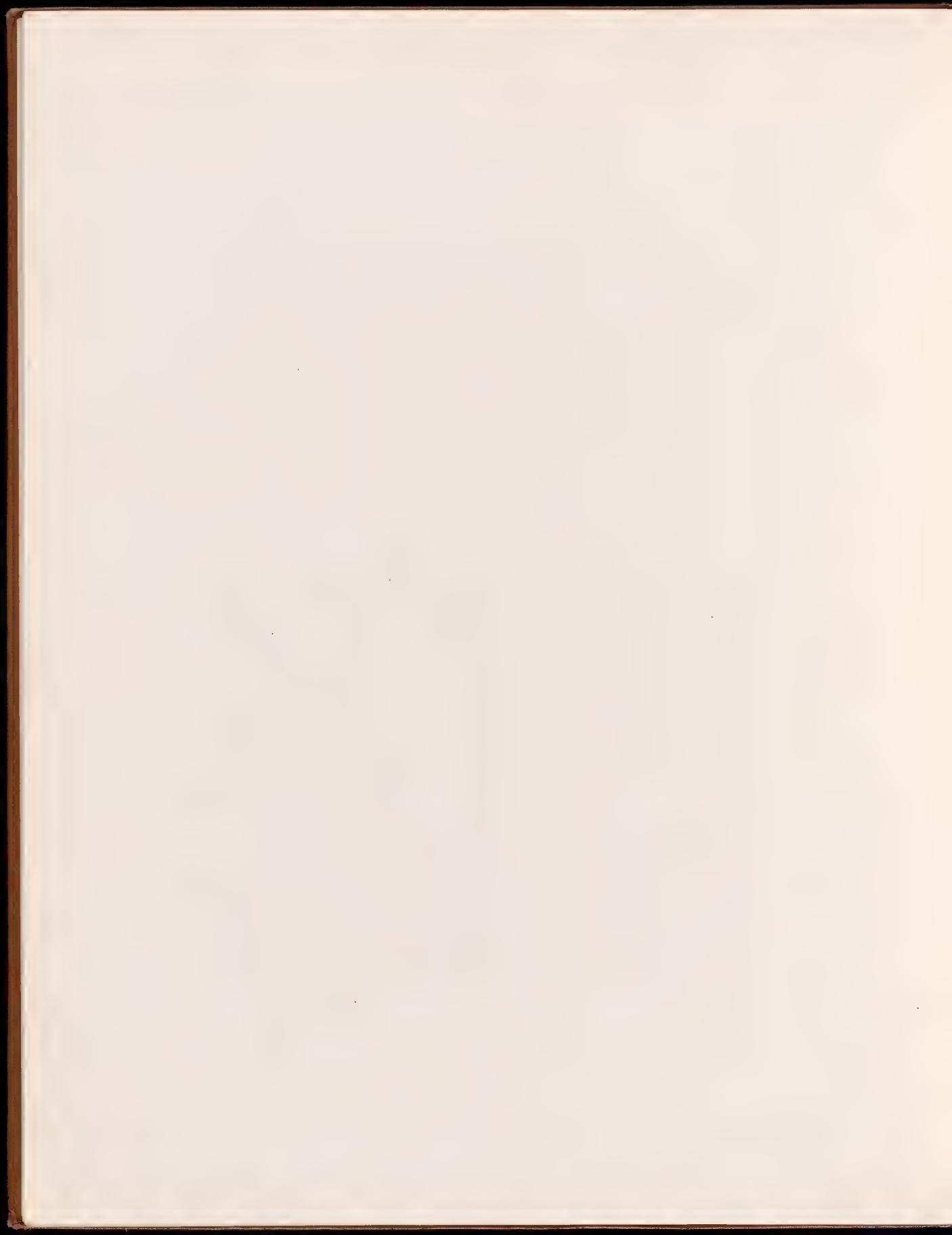


ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.



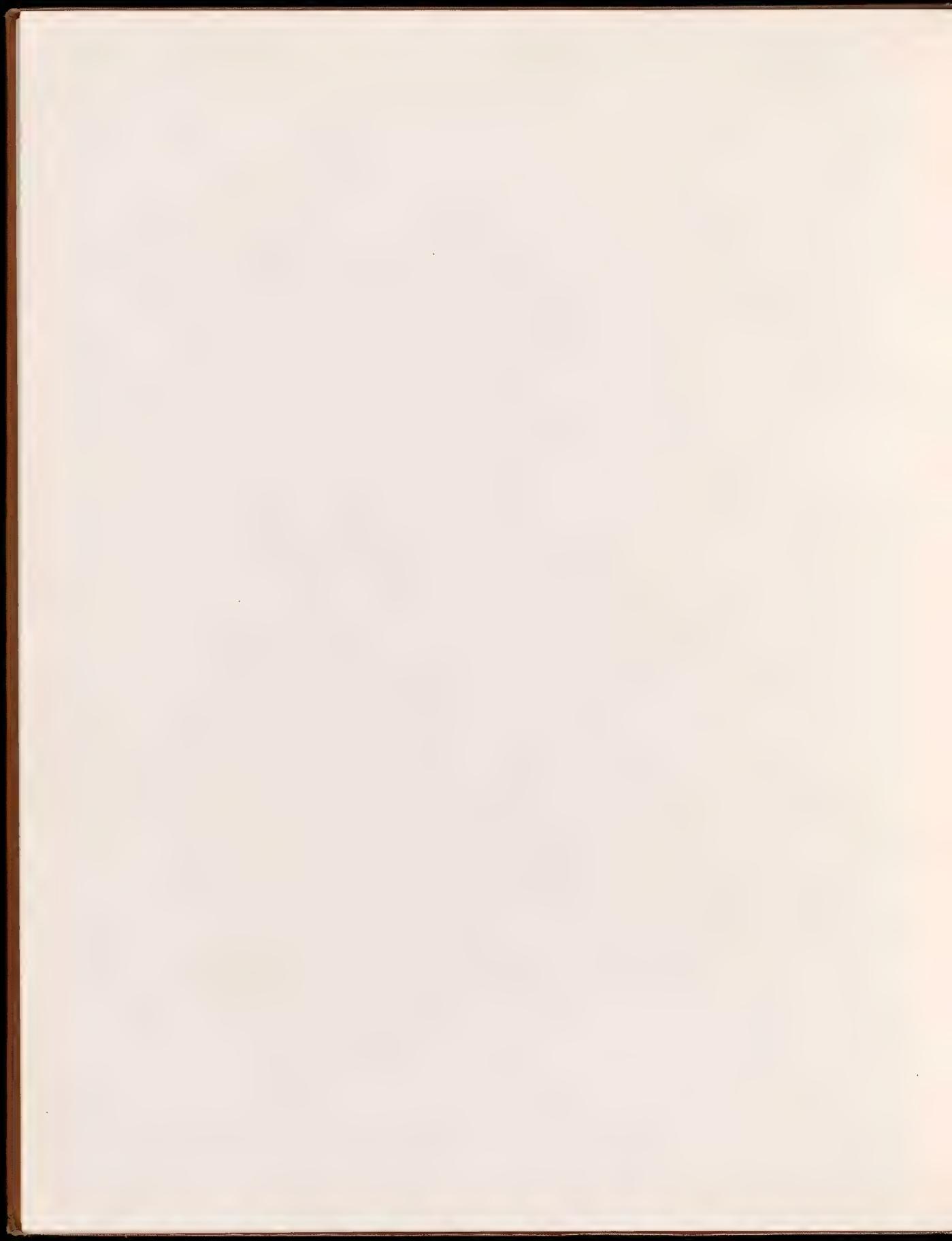


ST. MARY'S CHURCH, THE STRAND, LONDON.



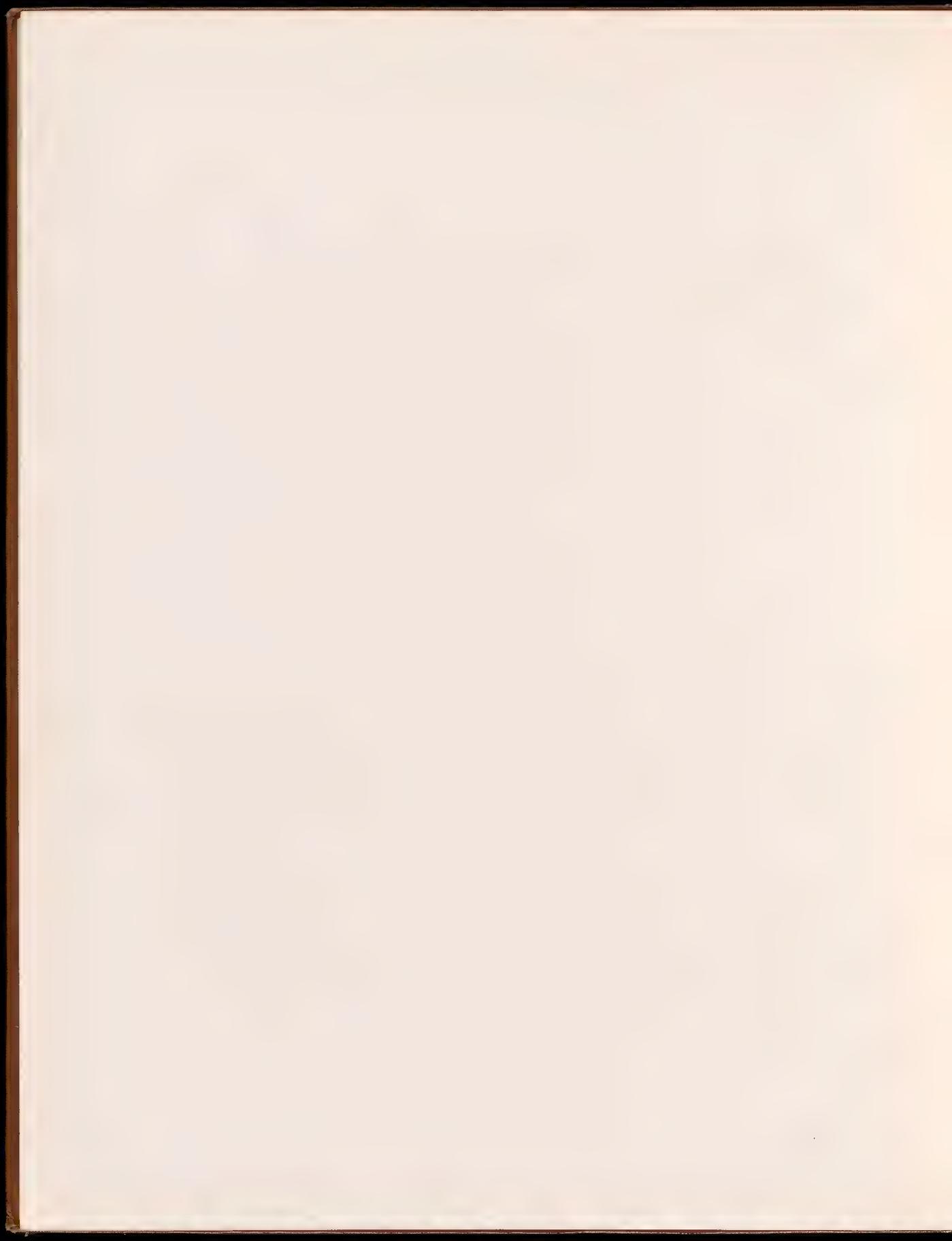


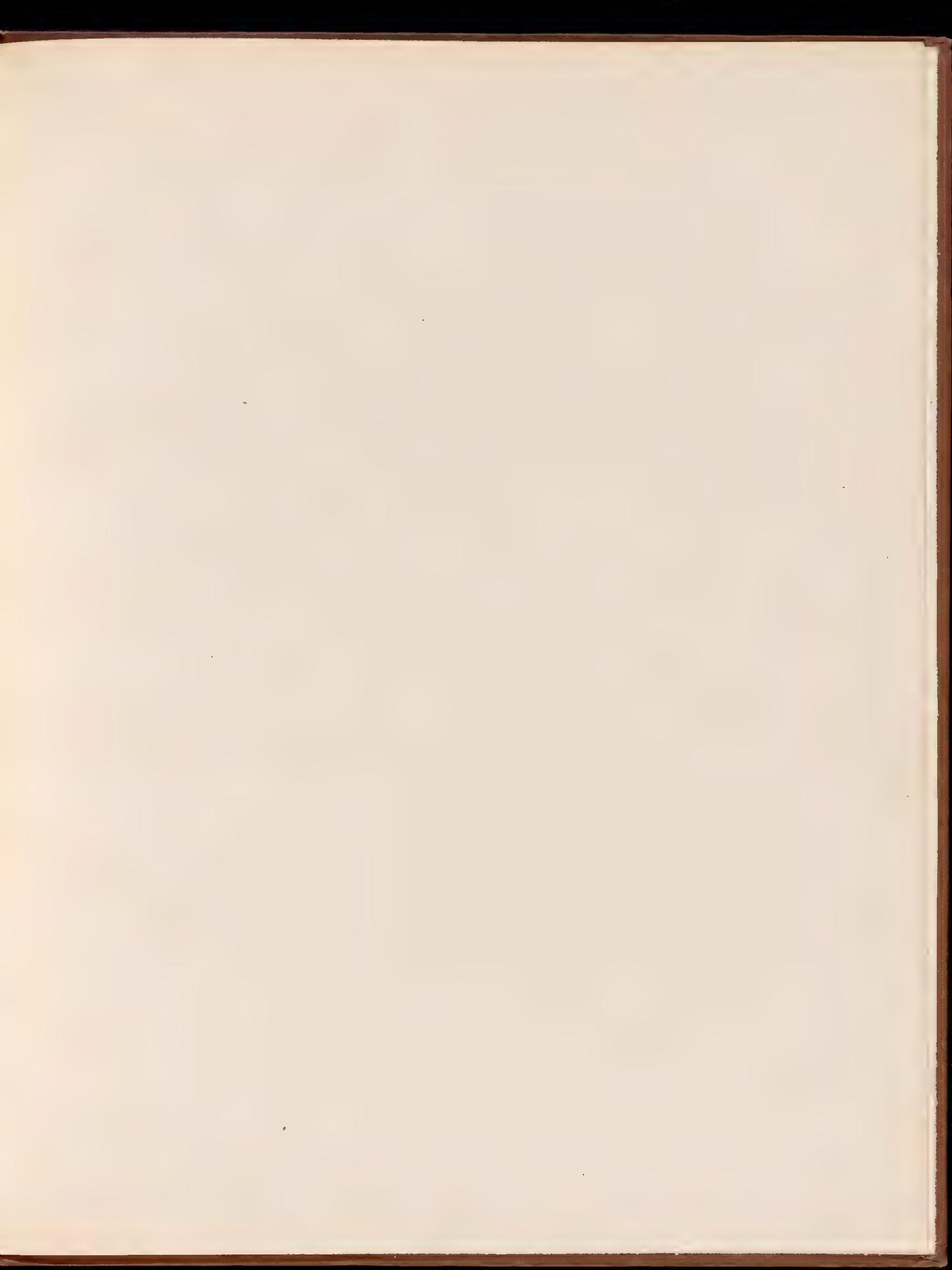
KING'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

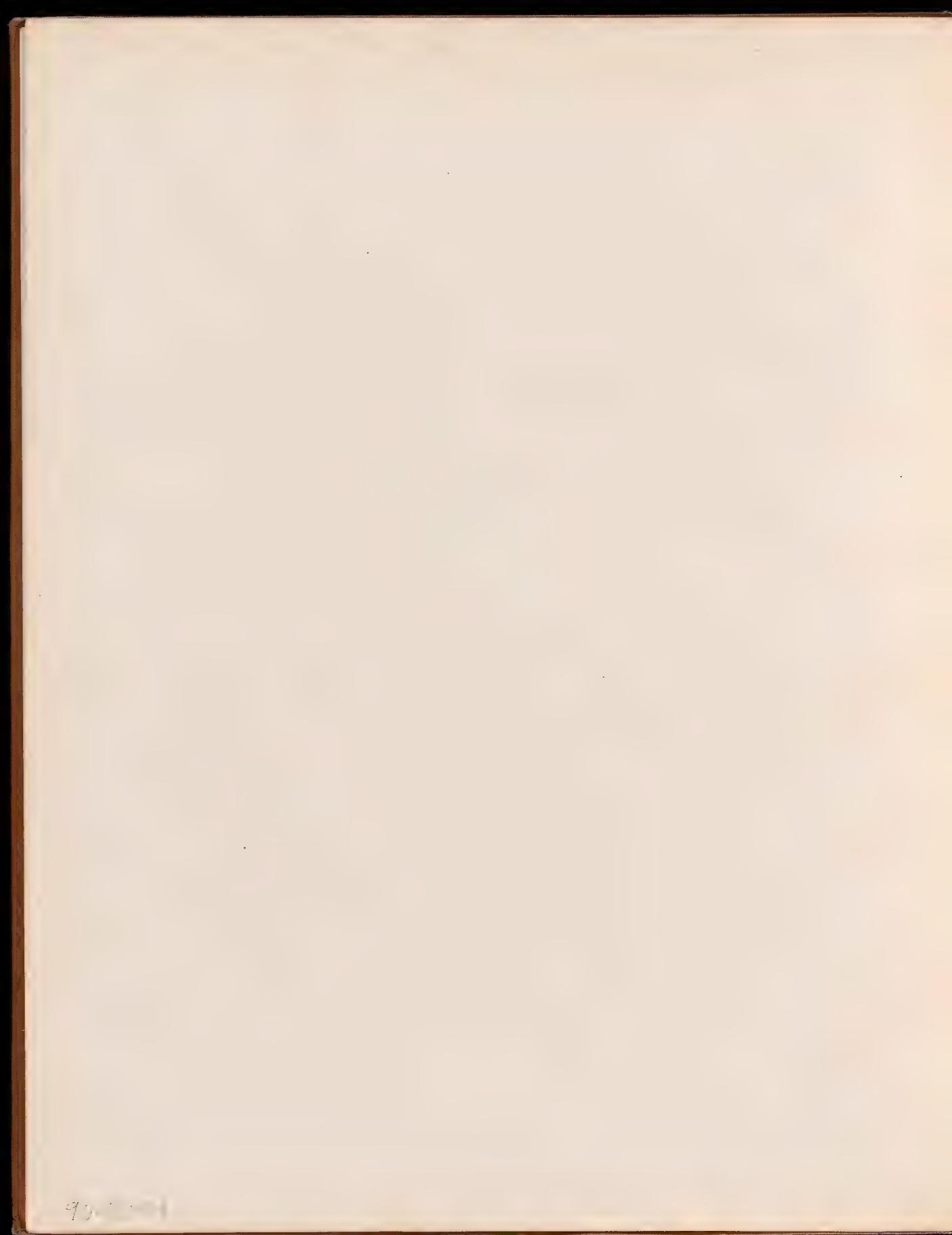


Chronological List of Etchings.

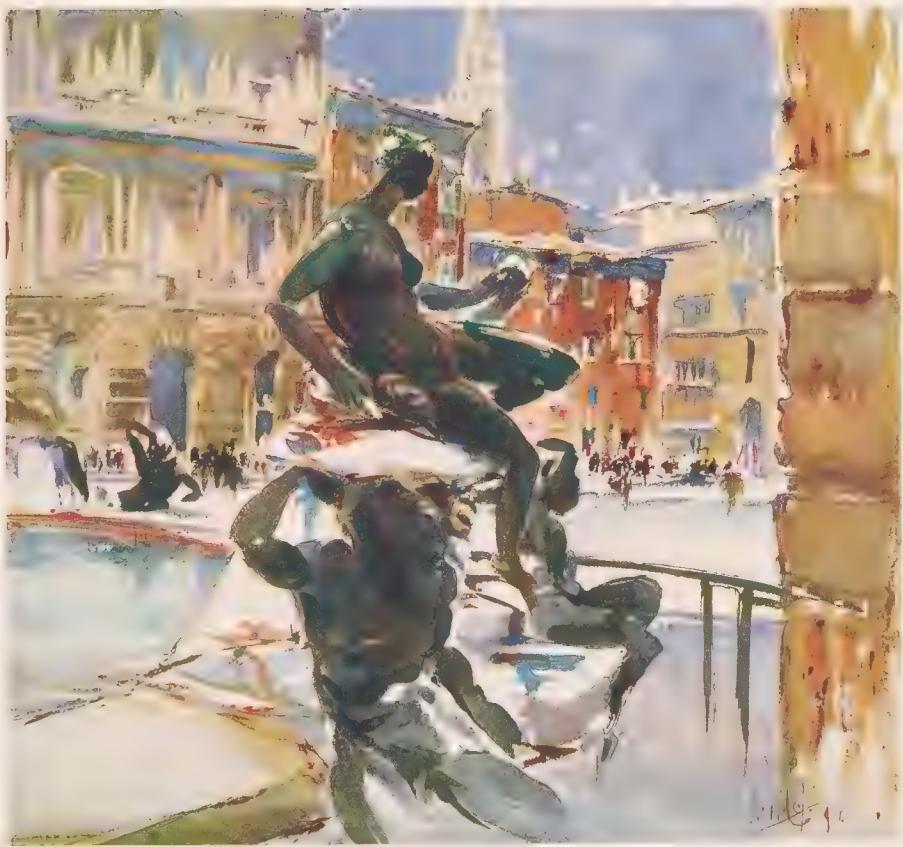
		SIZE.
1913.	A COURT OF JUSTICE, THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE AT ROME ..	25 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 20
	ANTONY IN EGYPT, NO. 1.—A VISIT TO CLEOPATRA ..	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
	A TRAGEDY OF SOPHOCLES ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
	AT THE HOUSE OF A PATRICIAN ..	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 17 $\frac{1}{2}$
	PALAZZO PESSARO, VENICE ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE FARM AT HOUQUOMONT, JANUARY 17, 1815 ..	14 x 22
	MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMANUEL, ROME ..	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
	QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD ..	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$
	ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
	A BACCHANTE ..	10 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
	A GREEK LADY, B.C. 600 ..	8 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
	CAFÉ DE LA PAIX, PARIS ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
	PICCADILLY CIRCUS ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
	LONDON BRIDGE ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THAMES FROM WATERLOO ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
	GIUDECCA NO. 1, VENICE ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
	GIUDECCA NO. 2, VENICE ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
1914.	TROJAN HORSE ..	25 x 32 $\frac{1}{2}$
	BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE, ROME ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
	CORNER OF THE PANTHEON, ROME ..	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
	HOSPITAL OF ST. MARK, VENICE ..	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$
	ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: N.W. CORNER ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
	BOATYARD, VENICE ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7
	CALVARY ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7
1915.	A MORNING IN THE FORUM, ROME ..	20 x 24
	ATRIUM TO THE HOUSE OF A PATRICIAN ..	19 x 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
	BATHS OF CARACALLA, NO. 1—THE TEPIDARIUM ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
	DOORWAY TO THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE ..	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 14
	SACRED FAIR ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
	PEGASUS ..	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE ROTUNDA, VICENZA ..	31 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	ST. MARY-LE-STRAND ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7
	THE THAMES ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
	COVENT GARDEN ..	4 x 3
	TUFTON STREET ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5
1916.	ANTONY IN EGYPT, NO. 2—VISIT TO THE TEMPLE OF ISIS ..	20 x 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE COLOSSEUM, NO. 1—A FÊTE DAY ..	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 17 $\frac{1}{2}$
	KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE ..	4 x 6
1917.	PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE ..	5 x 4
	ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS ..	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 17 $\frac{1}{2}$
	PATRICIANS IN THE FORUM, ROME ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
	PICCADILLY, 1917 ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
	LA MADELEINE, PARIS ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4
	REGENT STREET ..	4 x 5
	THE LION OF BELFORT ..	19 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
1918.	THE TEMPLE OF BAAL ..	8 x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE FIRST WOODEN TEMPLE OF JUPITER ..	5 x 7
	EMPEROR HADRIAN ENTERING SALONICA ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5
	BABYLON ..	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE COLOSSEUM, NO. 2—A PERFORMANCE ..	20 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 24 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE FORTH BRIDGE ..	8 x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
	MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4
	HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH ..	5 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE UNIVERSITY, EDINBURGH ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE WEST END, EDINBURGH ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3
	PARLIAMENT SQUARE, EDINBURGH ..	4 x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
	ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY, EDINBURGH ..	3 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	PAX ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3
1919.	BATHS OF CARACALLA, NO. 2—THE FRIGIDARIUM ..	23 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
	REMAINS OF THE FORUM OF MINERVA ..	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
	BACHANTE ET LE JEUNE FAUNE ..	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE INIMITABLE LOVERS ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE FACTORY ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8
	AMERICAN BATTLESHIP "DELAWARE" IN THE FORTH ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	KING CHARLES'S STATUE, CHARING CROSS ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	WESTMINSTER ABBEY ..	5 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
	THE STADIUM, ROME ..	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 22
	ST. PETER'S, ROME: INTERIOR ..	6 x 7
	ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH ..	5 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$











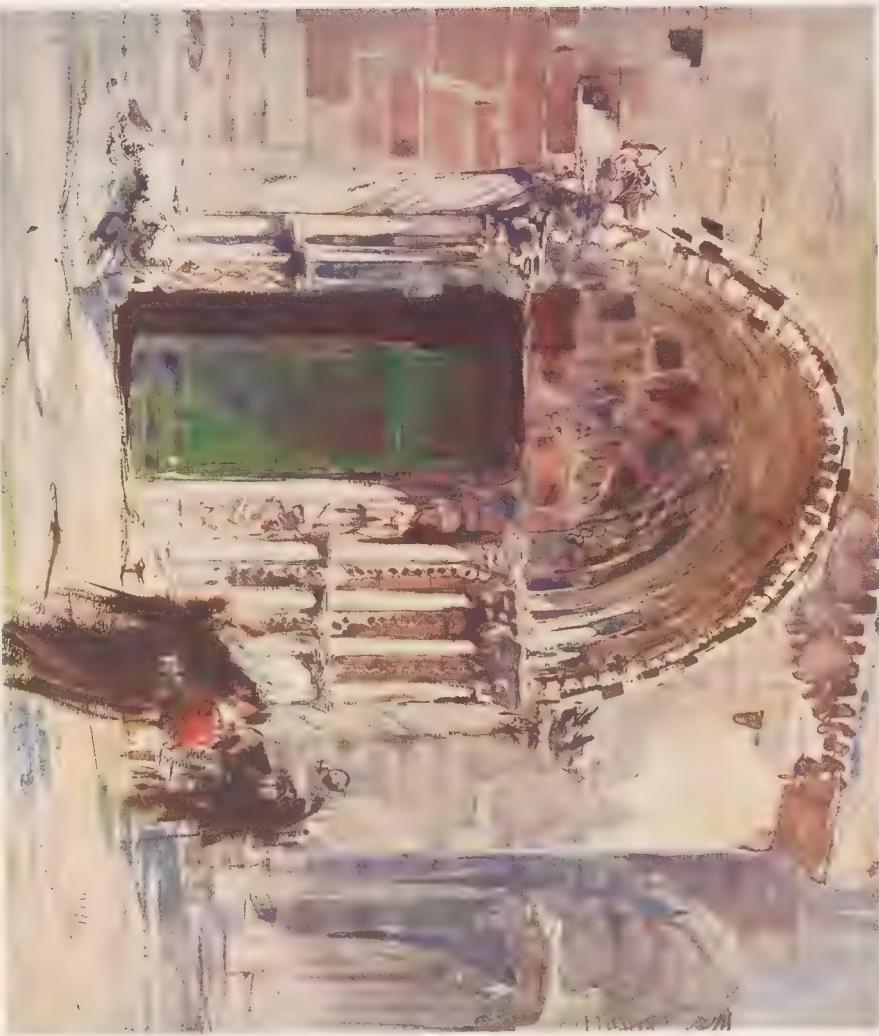
Part I

FOUNTAIN IN FLORENCE.

from a Water colour Drawing by William Walcot

PLATE LVI

Picture 4



CHURCH OF ST. PETER, TOSCANTELLA, NEAR VITERBO.

Painted by a Provençal artist

(October 1921)





Pl. 1

IMPERIAL DELHI

From a Water colour by William Walker

[See Vol. I]



The Application of Paint and Varnish

By David B. Emerson

IN an earlier article (May, 1922) I gave a general synopsis of what paints and varnishes were, and of what they were composed. In this article, I shall give some general information and advice to young architects and superintendents as to the best methods of specifying and applying them.

In painting and varnishing, good workmanship and the intelligent handling of materials are quite as necessary as are good materials, as a poor job is often done with the best of materials improperly applied; whereas, a fairly good job may sometimes be done with inferior goods if applied well and handled intelligently; but a really good and permanent job can only be obtained by the use of the best materials properly applied.

The first and most important consideration in the applying of paints and varnishes is to be sure that the surface which is to be painted over or varnished is in proper condition, and in the case of interior work, that the building is well dried out, so that the woodwork will not absorb moisture from the walls and floors. It is absolutely impossible to obtain good results when paint or varnish is applied on damp surfaces or in damp, cold buildings. One of the greatest evils in our present system of building is the "hurry-up" method of construction. Trim, wainscot, panelling, etc., are installed in the building before the plaster has had time to dry properly, floors are laid over cinder concrete fill which is only partly set, which in turn has been laid on concrete floor slabs which have very often only been allowed to stand the minimum amount of time before plastering is begun and the floors are laid. Naturally, a building which is rushed through in this manner reeks with moisture, especially in the colder months and during the rainy weather of the spring and fall. If building operations are in any way liable to be carried into the winter months, the specification writer should always call for temporary heat in the building, and the superintendent on the job should see that that particular part of the specification is complied with.

Another of the common evils of rush jobs in buildings is that the painter is allowed to work on the outside of a frame building while the plasterers are working on the inside. This should never be allowed, as the moisture from the plastering is absorbed by the woodwork, rendering the outside surfaces unfit for painting and causing the paint to blister and scale. Too much stress cannot be put on the advisability of painting the back of all trim, wainscot, and other interior woodwork. The expense is negligible and the gain is considerable, for although the plaster behind the trim may be thoroughly dry when the trim is installed, a certain amount of dampness may be absorbed from the atmosphere, and after protracted spells of rainy weather walls some time will get damp, no matter how well they have been built, and the natural result is the unprotected backs of the trim and wainscot absorb that dampness, with the attendant warping and twisting. A good coat of white lead and linseed-oil furnishes excellent protection, but when very expensive hardwood trim is used, it is better and safer to use a regular damp-proof paint made from an asphalt base. As a general rule, very little attention is paid to the priming coat of paint; almost any kind of paint will do, and it can be put on in any way and it is considered "good enough."

This is decidedly wrong, as the life and the looks of the succeeding coats are very largely dependent on the material and workmanship in the priming coat.

Different woods need different priming coats. Yellow pine and cypress should be primed with red lead mixed with equal parts of raw linseed-oil and turpentine for exterior work and one-third red lead and two-thirds white lead mixed with equal parts raw linseed-oil and turpentine for interior work. White pine, poplar, and other less resinous woods should be primed with white lead mixed with about two-thirds raw linseed-oil and one-third turpentine. Before priming, all woodwork should be thoroughly cleaned and well sandpapered, all knots and pitchy places should be brushed over with turpentine and then coated with shellac. In applying the priming coat, it should always be brushed on and not flowed on, and should be laid off smoothly, as brush marks left in the priming will sometimes show through the succeeding coats. The priming coat should always be allowed to dry thoroughly before the succeeding coats are applied; the longer the better; two or three weeks is not a bit too long, as linseed-oil dries by oxidation, the outer surface hardening first. Each coat should be thoroughly dry and hard before the next coat is applied.

To obtain the best results the outer coats of paint should be mixed with white lead and linseed-oil, with the addition of from fifteen to twenty per cent of zinc white, *i. e.*, zinc oxide. No woodwork should ever be given less than three coats of paint including the priming coat, and on high-class work four coats are better, and in the long run are, like all good work, an economy.

A frequent source of worry to the architect is the painting of galvanized-iron work, for if it is not done properly, the paint is very liable to peel off and leave large patches of unprotected metal. Before painting, the surface of the galvanized iron must be thoroughly cleaned. This may be done by washing with benzine and then coating the surface with a solution of copper acetate in water, using six ounces to the gallon of water, or by washing the surface with vinegar. After cleaning, prime with red lead mixed with one-third boiled linseed-oil and two-thirds raw linseed oil, and then paint with white lead and linseed-oil, the same as specified for woodwork. As a priming coat for ironwork, there is probably no better paint to resist corrosion than red lead, but it should always be given an outer coating of white lead and oil, which in turn protects the red lead.

With woodwork which is to be stained before varnishing or waxing, different woods must be treated differently. Acid stains are the best for mahogany, birch, and almost all other woods, whereas only an oil stain should be used for yellow pine, as acid or water stains raise the grain too much in this particular wood. Before staining yellow pine the wood should be given a very thin coat of linseed-oil and turpentine mixed in the proportion of one part oil to three parts turpentine. In all cases where woodwork is to be stained and varnished, it is absolutely essential that the surface of the wood should be properly prepared before applying the stain or filler. It should be thoroughly cleaned and all plaster spots, etc., removed, then sandpapered thoroughly, using a fine sandpaper, rubbing with the grain of the wood.

(Continued on page 384)



LOWER BROADWAY.

From the Water-color by William Walcot. By Courtesy of the Knoedler Gallery. See also page 383.

YORK MINSTER.

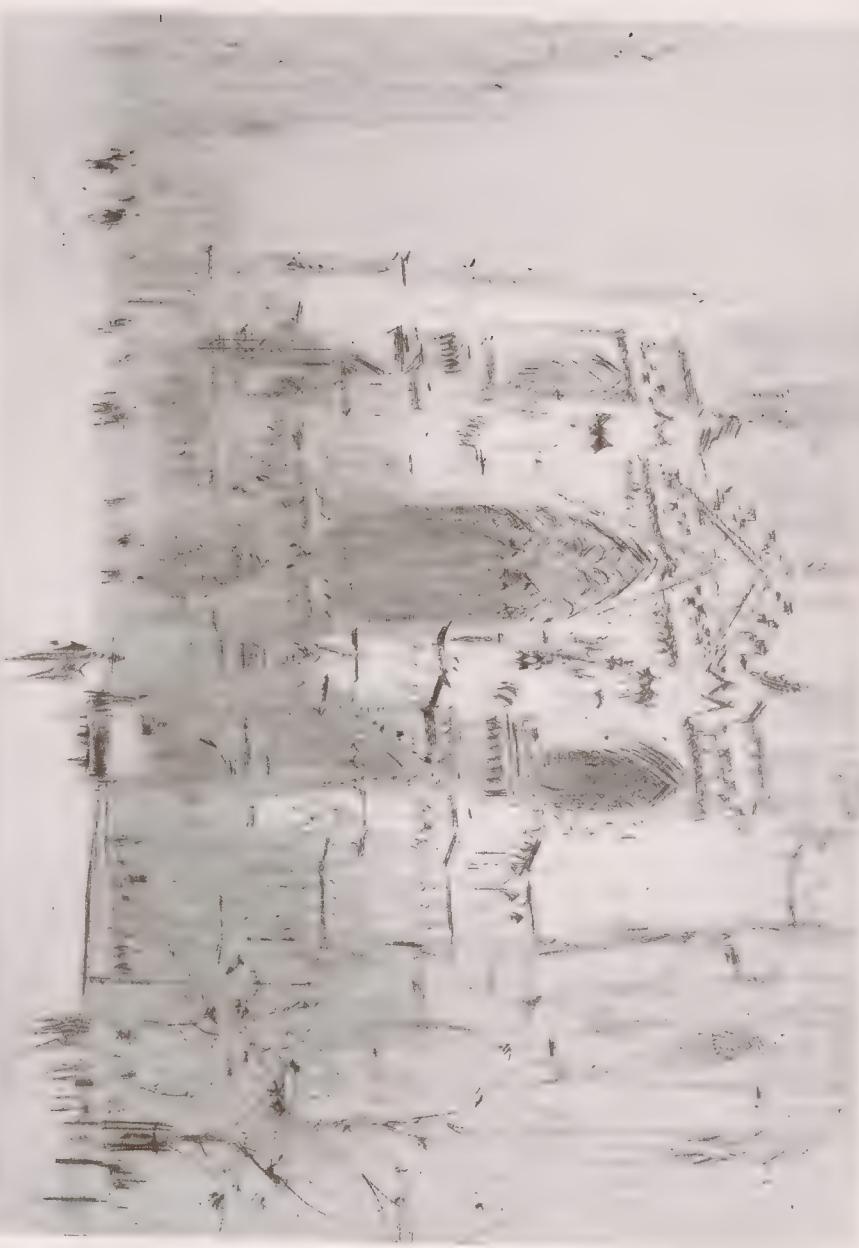


Plate II.

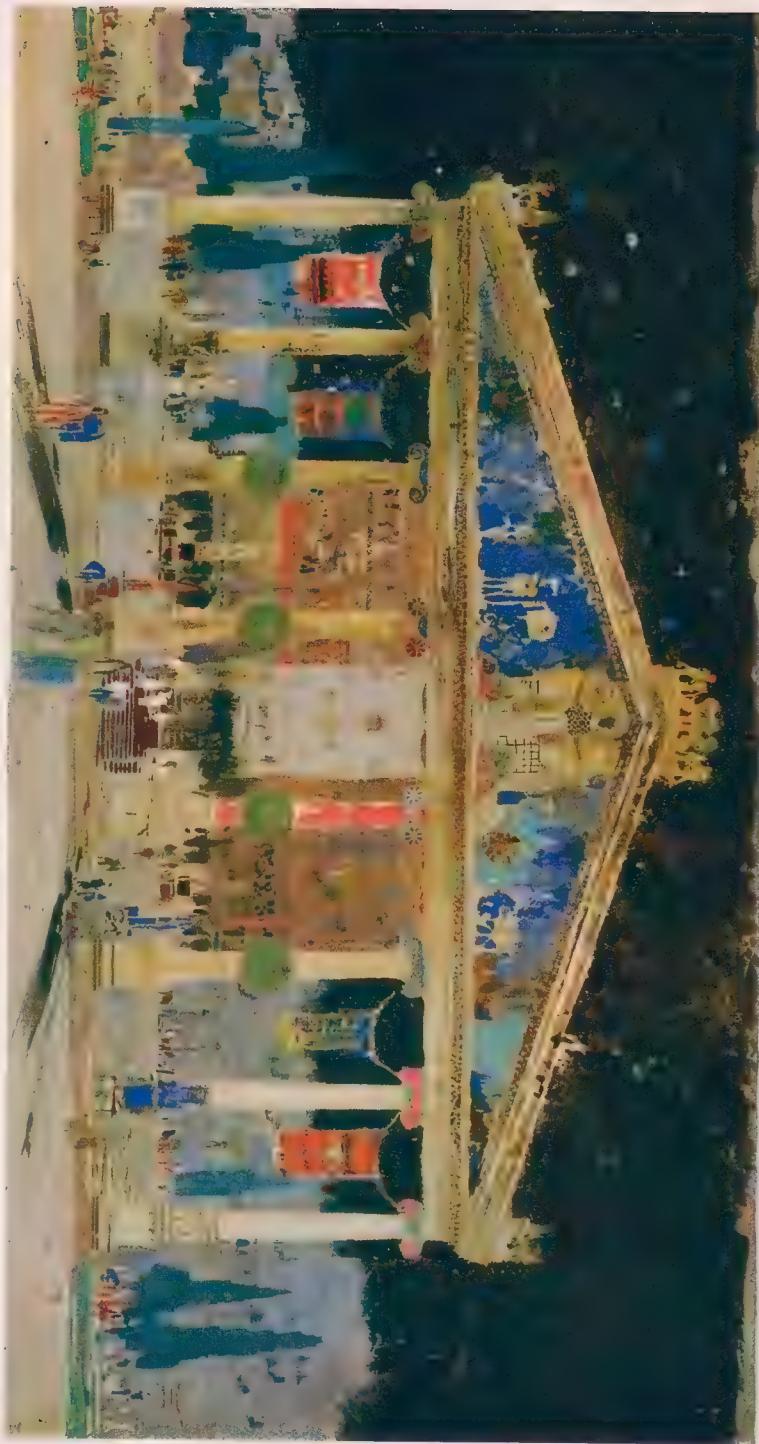
BY WILLIAM WALCOT, R.E.

York Minster is Mr. Walcot's latest Etching. He finished working upon the plate a week or two ago. This reproduction is the exact size of the original.

March 1923.

— snowman gallery. See also page 383.

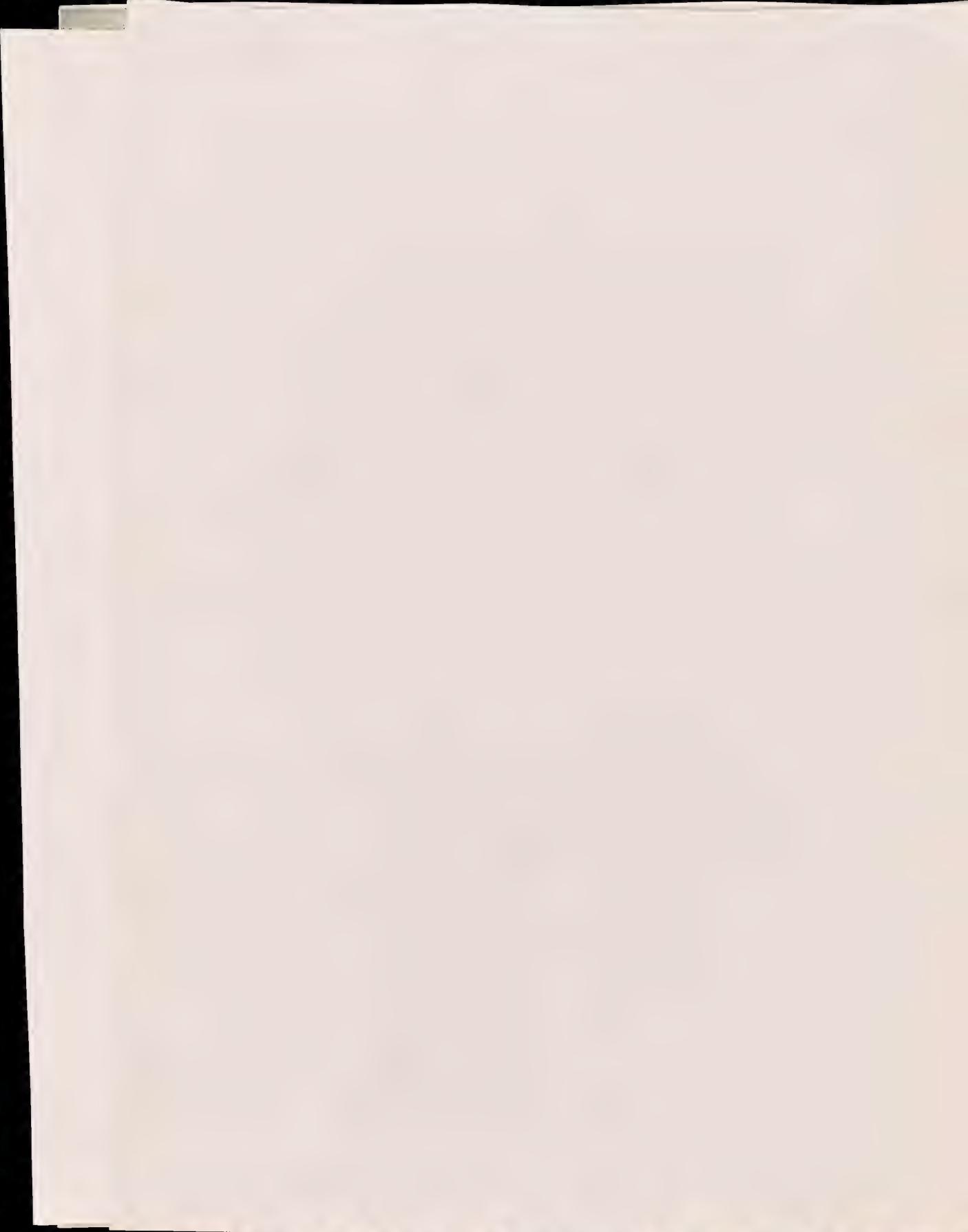
THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.



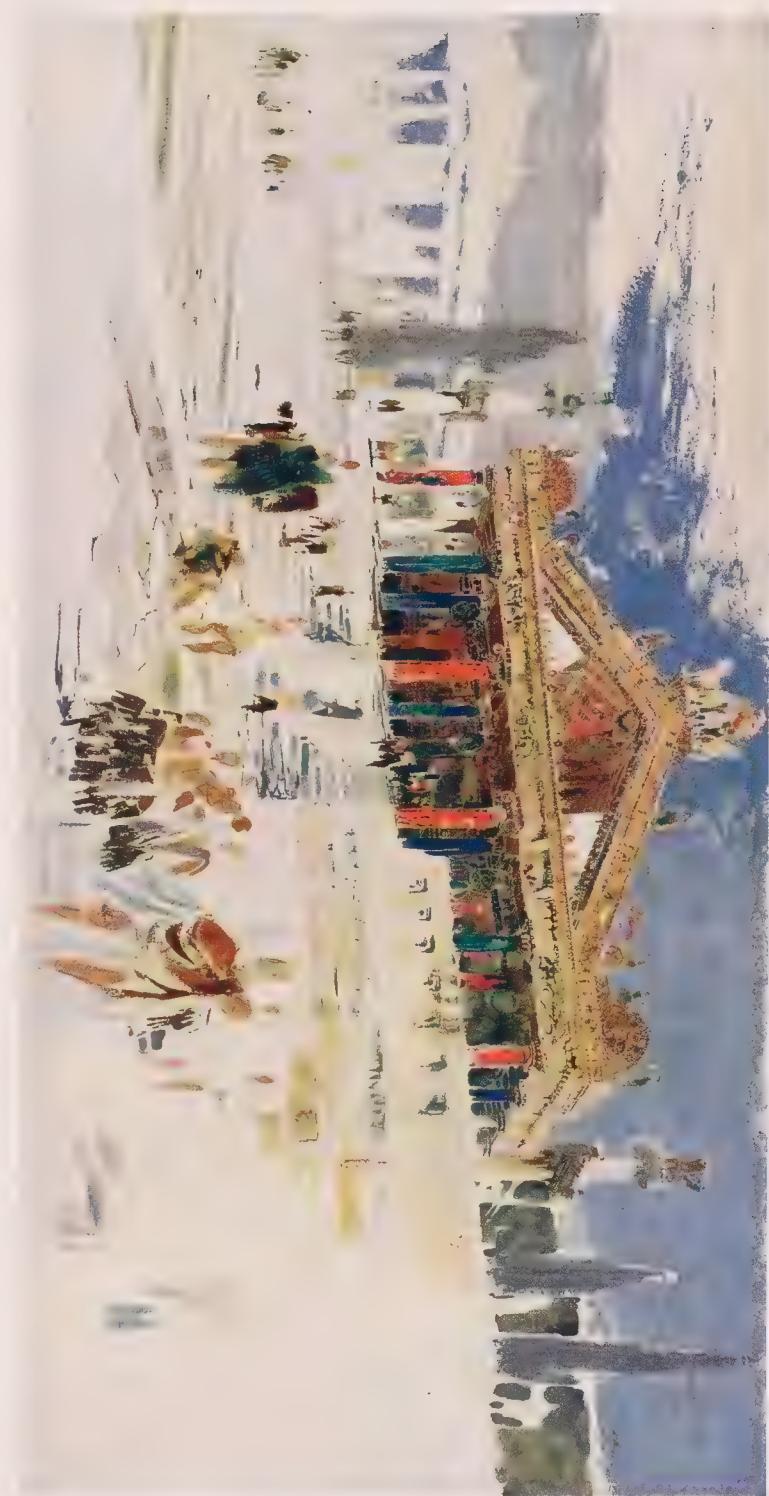
THE SEVENTH AND LAST WOODEN ARCHAIC TEMPLE.

From a Painting by William Walcot.

This, the last of the wooden temples of Diana at Ephesus, was burnt by the Ionian Herostratus the night on which Alexander the Great was born in 356 B.C. The stone columns, however, were left standing. Its total width was probably about 220 ft., its length 125 ft., and the height of its columns 52 ft.



THE ETRUSCAN TEMPLE OF JUPITER CAPITOLINUS.



A SCENE UPON THE TARPEIAN ROCK AT ROME.

From a Painting by William Wetmore Story.

The Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood upon the Tarpeian Rock. Consecrated by Horatius about 509 B.C., and burnt in 83 B.C., it was followed by three more temples, the last being built by Domitian in A.D. 80.

The Temple illustrated above was about forty-five feet wide.

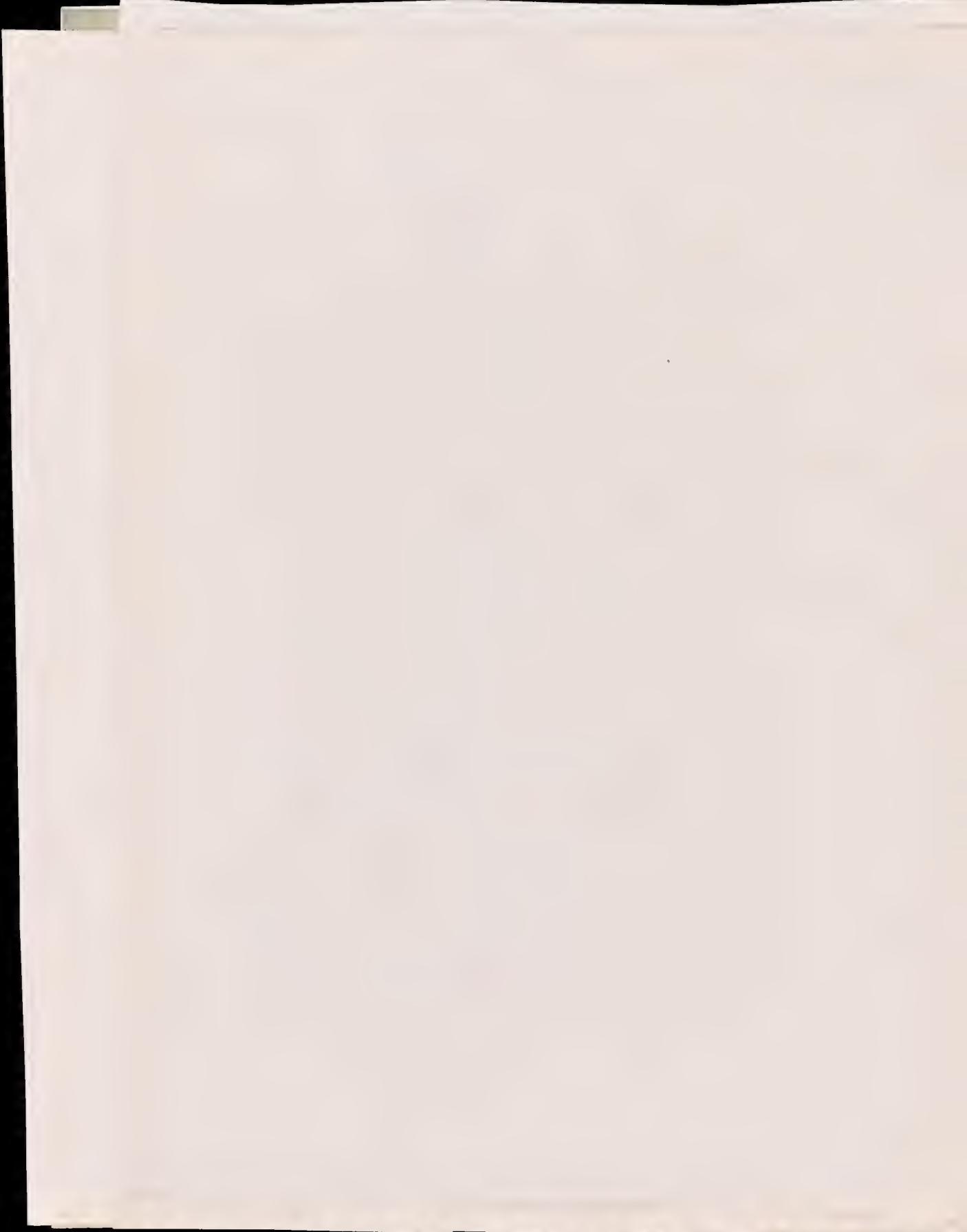


Plate I.



THE LONDON COUNTY HALL DURING CONSTRUCTION.

From a Water-Colour Drawing by William Walcot.

September 1922.

